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THE PEDDLER SPY.

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Beadle's Dime Novels, No. 108,

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THE PEDDLER SPY;

OR,

DUTCHMEN AND YANKEES.

A TALE OF THE CAPTURE OF GOOD HOPE.

BY W. J. HAMILTON,

AUTHOR OF "BIG FOOT, THE GUIDE," "EAGLE EYE," ETC.

NEW YORK:
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(No. 107.)

THE PEDDLER SPY.

CHAPTER I.

BOSTON "DICKERS" WITH THE DUTCHMEN.

Down the Connecticut, not many miles from the city of Hartford, in the early days of the State of Wooden Nutmegs, stood an ancient fort, known by the name of "The House of Good Hope." By reference to that veracious chronicle known as "Knickerbocker's History of New York," you will find that it was built by the good people of New Netherlands, to prevent further encroachment on the part of a race which has since taken the generic name of Yankee. Although the history mentioned may be correct, it might be open to censure on the ground that the writer was biased in favor of his own people. Be that as it may, the people of Good Hope had planted themselves upon the river, determined to keep back, as far as possible, the domineering race which had intruded upon the happy valley.

Although honest Diedrich may have been somewhat angry at our ancestors, the Puritans, still we are forced to say that they were not very far wrong in their estimate of character. The stolid Dutchmen were poorly suited to contend with them in an encounter in which wit was the weapon used. Placed face to face, each with a stout oak cudgel in his hand, perhaps no Dutchman would have feared to meet one of the hated race. But when it came to the commodity in which they did not deal, namely, cunning, the Puritans had the advantage.

The New Netherlanders claimed all the land extending from the banks of the Hudson to the Connecticut; and certainly, if any white man could claim the soil at all, their claim was prior to that of the English. But, with the wholesome proviso that "might makes right," the Puritans pushed their settlements to the side of the Happy River, under the very nose of the Dutch commandant at Good Hope.

What that worthy thought, when the first members of the hardy band, who pushed their way through the trackless wilderness to this spot, made their appearance, is not fully set down. We only know, by the history before mentioned, that they became obnoxious to the Dutch from their desire to teach the damsels the absurd custom of "bundling," in which no true Dutchman would indulge. Besides, they had begun, even at this early period, to show that sharpness in making bargains which since has distinguished them above other nations in the world. Certain of them made a practice of "swapping horses" with the men of Good Hope; and, although the beasts they brought for "dicker" were, to all appearance, good ones, yet no sooner was the bargain completed than the horses begun to show traits which had not been "set down in the bill." Indeed, it begun to be proverbial that horse-trading with the Windsor people meant a transaction in which a Dutchman gave a very good beast and some *gelt* for a very poor one and no *gelt* at all. Moreover, the English were addicted to the practice of overreaching the spouses of absent Hans and Yawcop with transactions for small articles, such as constitute a peddler's pack in our day. Some will go so far as to say that, under the mask of perfect disinterestedness of purpose, these Yankees would almost break up housekeeping on the part of a couple possessed of considerable means, in a single visit—so much were they ahead of the tramps of the present day. Indeed, it is averred that the main cause of hostility on the part of the Dutchmen against the English was the fact of the influence of these profane wanderers over the partners of their phlegmatic joys and stolid sorrows.

But, be that as it may, the inhabitants of Hartford were not in very good order with those of Good Hope. On whose side the blame lay, we will leave to historians to decide—if they can—while we proceed with our narrative.

Good Hope was an awkward structure of mud and logs, such as the Dutch built in that day; strong enough, however, for the purpose for which it was built, if it had been in different hands. It faced upon the river, was armed with some of the clumsy ordnance common to the period, and was garrisoned by about forty men from the settlement at New York, who were somewhat overfed, and inclined to smoke all the

time they were not eating or drinking. Their leader, Van Curter, was one of those fiery, self-willed men sometimes found in his nation, who mistake pig-headed obstinacy for firmness of heart. An old soldier, trained under the unhappy Prince of Orange, he thought no people like his own, and no soldier like himself. He had seen, with ill-disguised jealousy, that a people were growing up about him who were ahead of his own in acuteness, and who were daily outstripping them in matters of business. He had written a dispatch to Wouter Von Twiller, Governor of New Netherlands, acquainting him with the inroad of these Windsor people, and of the absolute incapacity of his men to compete with them. The governor thereupon issued a proclamation, commanding the English to withdraw from land which was the property of the Dutch East India Company.

The Yankees' answer was very much to the same effect as that of the worthy Master Nicholas, when he defied the trumpeter of William Kieft, applying his thumb to the tip of his nose, and spreading out the fingers like a fan. At least, they paid no attention to the proclamation, but continued to take up land, and increase the limits of their colony. The only reply they did vouchsafe to the demand of the governor was that they claimed the land in the right of possession, and would not give it up. The New Netherlanders had no desire to make a quarrel with their neighbors, who were, for the most part, strong men, who would not hesitate to use manual *persuasion* in case it became necessary. Hence the Dutchmen resorted to all manner of threats, entreaties—any thing but violence.

There was one person, in particular, who was a source of constant annoyance to the people of Good Hope. This was a hawker of small trinkets, known in the settlements as Boston Bainbridge. A sharp, business-like fellow, not a bad prototype of the Down-Easter of our day, he made his way into every house from Boston to the City of Brotherly Love. His pack was welcomed in the houses of his own countrymen, who, being as sharp in buying as he was in selling, seldom allowed him to get the better of them. But the Dutchmen were not so cunning, and were overreached in many a bargain. Boston did not confine himself entirely to dealing in

small wares, but sold many articles of greater value; bought and sold horses, or, as he expressed himself, was a "mighty man on a dicker."

Boston came into Good Hope on a bright morning in the early part of the month of June. His pack had been replenished in Hartford, and he hoped to diminish its contents among the Dutch. He was a middle-sized, active-looking man, about forty years of age, clad in a suit of gray homespun. His pack was, as usual strapped upon his back, while he led a forlorn-looking Narragansett pony, which paced slowly along behind its master, like a captive led to the stake. Boston had some misgivings that certain things sold to these people must have come to grief since his last visit. But this was not by any means the first time he had been tackled by them for selling bad wares, and he never was at a loss for an answer.

The families of the Dutch had built up a little village about the fort, and he entered boldly. The first man he met was an unmistakable Teuton, with a broad, bulky figure, built after the manner of Wouter Von Twiller, then Governor of New Netherlands. This individual at once rushed upon the Yankee, exhibiting the blade of a knife, severed from the handle.

"Ah-ha, Yankee! You see dat, eh? You sell dat knife to me; you sheat me mit dat knife."

"You git eout," replied the Yankee. "I never sold you *that* knife!"

"Yaw! Dat ish von lie; dat ish von *pig* lie! You vas sell dat knife mit me."

Boston lowered the pack from his shoulder and took the despised blade in his hand.

"Now then, Dutchy, what's the matter with this knife, I should like to know?"

"Donner unt blitzen! Das ish von big sheat knife. Goot for nix. Das knife not coot preat, py Shoseph!"

"How did you break it?" asked the peddler, fitting the pieces of the knife together and taking a wire from his pocket. "This is a good knife, I reckon. You broke the rivet. Now look at me, and see how far we are in advance of you in the arts and sciences. I tell you, Hans Drinker, you don't know any thing about these matters—blamed if you do."

As he spoke, he took out a pair of pincers, riveted the blade in, pounded it, and held up the knife for inspection.

"Look at that, neow, Hans Drinker. Any one but a Dutchman would have done that long ago, instead of waiting for a poor fellow who sold you the knife at a *sacrifice*."

"Vat ish dat, eh? I no care for dat? I says de knife vill not cut preat," cried Hans.

"See here—where have you had this knife? You put it in hot water, I know. Tell the truth and shame the adversary—didn't you, now?"

"Vell, I did; but dat no hurt."

"All you know. Of *course* it hurts! What do you expect a knife to be that you can buy for a shilling, English money? It took the temper out of it, I allow."

"Vat ish demper?"

"Never you mind. That knife is spoiled, and I know how. I wouldn't give an English penny for it to-day. For why? A Dutchman don't know how to use a knife. Consequence—he spoils it."

Hans paused in some doubt, seeing the blame of the failure of the knife laid so fully upon his guiltless shoulders. Boston gave him no time to think, but threw open his pack.

"Now, I'll tell you what I mean to do. You don't deserve it; but I will do a violence to my conscience, and do something for you. Keep your fingers to yourself and feast your eyes upon that." Here he produced a knife somewhat better than the one which Hans had returned. "Now, I'll tell you what I will do. 'Tisn't right, I know it; 'tisn't behaving properly to those who bought the last lot I had, but you may have *that* knife for four shillings sterling. You stare. I don't wonder, for that knife out to bring fully *ten* shillings. It's worth it, if it's worth a farthing; but what can I do? I must put my goods down to you fellows or you won't look at them. I am making myself a poor man for your sakes."

"Vour shilling. Dat ish too mooch, by Shoseph!"

"Too much! I tell you I am *giving* the knife away—absolutely *giving* it away. That knife you bought before was a *cheap* knife, I allow that; but it was *sold* cheap; but I lose on this knife if I sell it at six shillings, and here I offer it to you at four. Many a time I am tempted to shut up my pack and

tramp through the woods no more; but when I think that it will be impossible for you to get along without me, I repent, and sacrifice my own interests for your good. I can't help it, if I am soft-hearted, it's one of my little failings. I sell below cost because I hate to be hard upon poor men."

Hans took the knife in his hands and begun to open and shut the bright blade. He had been beaten again and again by this same peddler, and did not care to be taken in once more. The polished blade shone like glass in the sunlight.

"Dat ish goot knife, eh?"

"Good! You'd better believe it's good. Why, I know a man down to Hartford has got one of them there knives, and what do you reckon he does with it? You can't tell, scarcely. No, 'tain't probable you can. Then *I'll* tell you. He uses it for an *ax*, and he can cut down a good-sized maple with it about as soon as you cut a cat-tail down with one of your clumsy axes. I don't say that *this* is as good a knife as *that*. Probably 'tain't; but it came out of the same mold."

"Big price, dat. Sure dis is goot knife, eh? You sell me bad knife two, t'ree, vour dimes. Dat ish pad—dat is worser as pad. Vour shillings?"

"Four. But see here. I ain't given you inducement to buy, it seems. Rot me ef I don't think you are about the toughest tree I ever tried to climb. Now look at me, and see a man always ready to sacrifice himself for the good of the people. Here are a pair of combs. They are worth money—they are *good* combs. I throw them into the pile, and what else? Here is a good pair of shoe-buckles. I throw them in, and beg you to take the pile away for six shillings. You won't? I thought so. You ain't capable of it, more's the pity. I'll again hurt my own feelings by saying five-and-six. If you don't take them at that I must shut up my pack. Hans Drinker, you were born to good luck. I don't think, upon my word and honor, that any one ever had such a chance since the days of Noah. I don't, sart'inly."

"You talk so fast dat I has nottings to zay mitout speaking. Vell, I takes dem. Py Shoseph, if tey ish not goot, I kills you mit a mistake, shure!"

"I've half a mind to take it back. I think—"

"Nix, splitzen, nean; I puys dem goots. Dey ish mine. Vive-unt-sax; dere it ish."

"Well, take them," said Boston, with a sigh of resignation. "I lose by you, but I gave you my word, and you may have them."

Having thus affected a sale of the articles, which were dear at eighteen pence, Boston lifted his pack and proceeded blithely on his way, while Hans Drinker hurried away to display his treasures, and chuckle over his bargain. Boston was not fated to proceed far, when he was arrested by a yell from a house by the roadside.

"Holt on, dere! you sleutzen Yankee, holt on!"

"He-he," chuckled Boston. "That's old Swedlepipe. Now *he* will give me rats about that horse."

As he spoke, the person who had stopped him threw open the door of his cottage, and rushed out into the road. He was a stout-built old man, very red in the face, and flourishing a staff over his head.

"Dear me," cried Boston. "Is it possible that I see my dear friend Mynheer Swedlepipe? Give me your hand, mynheer. This is, indeed, a sight for sore eyes."

"It vill be a sight for sore heads, pefore you go, or else my name is not Paul Swedlepipe. Vat you do, you Yankee rascal? You comes to Good Hope mid your flimpsy goots, unt sell dem to honest Dootchmen. I vill preak every pone in your skin."

"Now, Mynheer Swedlepipe, my dear mynheer, what *have* I done? Just tell me what I have done? Shake hands."

"You dry to shake hands mit me unt I preak your head. Vat you done to your tear Mynheer Swedlepipe, eh? Vell, den, I dells you. You prings to dish place von old hoss dat ish not vorth *von* guilder. Hein, you currry him unt you comb him, unt you make him look ver' nice. I dinks it ish von ver' goot horse, unt I pays you von hunder guilders! *Sturm unt wetter!* Ish dat nottings, eh? *Hagel!* I kills you deat ash von schmoke-herring."

The stick flourished about in dangerous proximity to Boston's ears, who sat upon his pack with an immovable countenance, watching every motion on the part of the other with

his sharp eyes. There was something in his face which deterred the Dutchman from striking.

"What's the matter with the horse, mynheer, I should like to know?"

"Matter! Dere ish not von disease vich a horse can have dat he hash not."

"Let me know one."

"He hash de *heaves*."

"Yes."

"And de *ring-bone*."

"Yes."

"And he ish bone-spavined."

"Yes."

"And he sprained-shoulder."

"Yes."

"Donner! Ton't sit dere unt say yes, yes, yes! S'all I dell you one more t'ing? Vell, here it ish. He has nix toot' in his head!"

"No?" cried Boston, in surprise. "He had when I brought him here. How did he lose them?"

"Dey shoost dropped out in his manger te first times I feed him. Ton't lie to me. You put his teet' in to sell him. You tied dem in mit strings, you pig, *pig* rogue!"

"Gracious, mynheer! Is it possible that you consider me capable of such business?"

"Yaw!"

"Oh, you do? Now you are wrong. I bought that horse of a friend in Hartford. He is not the man I took him for, nor the horse is not what you took him for. Well, who is to blame? I take it, that it is the man who sold me the horse first. I didn't think he'd a-done it, mynheer; I didn't think he'd a-done it."

Mynheer looked at him in a species of indignant admiration. He had thought that the peddler would not certainly have the surpassing effrontery to deny the fact of his knowledge of the various diseases by which the poor animal was afflicted.

"You means to dell me, den, dat you don't know dat dis horse ish *plind*?"

"Is he?"

"Yaw; he ish plind ash a pat. He ish teaf. You not knows dat, either?"

"That explains it! Now, I fired off a gun close to his ear, one day, and he didn't even jump. That was because he was deaf. Well *now!*"

"Dere ish one t'ing more. You didn't know dat de nice tail he carried pelonged to some nodder horse?"

"You don't say! Not his own tail? If I ain't beat! Well, mynheer, the rascal has beat us both this time. He has got the money, and we can't help ourselves. I didn't tell you that I gave a hundred and ten guilders for the beast, did I? No? Well, you see by that I lost on the trade with you. I always lose, most years."

Swedlepipe shook his head, and dropped his stick dejectedly. He would have understood the pleasant little fiction on the part of Boston if he had known that a farmer near Hartford had lost a horse by drowning. Boston had taken possession of his tail and teeth, and by the aid of the two had so contrived to patch up an ancient steed which he picked up in the woods, where it had been turned out to die, as to sell him to poor Swedlepipe at an exorbitant rate.

Old Swedlepipe scratched his head. He had sworn by the name of his patron saint, worthy Nicholas, that he would give Boston Bainbridge a taste of wholesome Dutch cudgel, if he ever dared to set foot in Good Hope again. And yet here he was, and had purged himself of all stain, by saddling the guilt upon some unfortunate third person.

"I'll tell you, squire," said he, "I'm sorry for this. If I had only *known* that the horse was a bad one, I would have brought you another from Windsor. Oh, you better believe they have horses *there*."

"Yaw, dey must have dem *dere*, for dey never prings dem *here*."

"Ha," said the other. "There are some sharp people down to Windsor. There's Holmes, now. You know Holmes? He is the man who wouldn't stop when you threatened to blow his sloop out of water. Of course they don't send away their best horses often. Sometimes they do. You see this pony? If I had known that you would want a horse you might have had him. You know Ten Eyck?"

"Yaw. Pig rascal he is!"

"Yes. Just so. Wal, that hoss is for him."

"For Ten Eyck?"

"Yes."

"'Tain't a very pig hoss."

"No, 'tain't. But it's the best hoss of its kind in the country. He ain't very fast, to be sure. But, for all that, if he ran a race against a red deer, I should know which to put my money on. That's the same hoss, mynheer, that went from Providence to Salem in jist tew days. You don't believe it? Wal, I don't ask it of you. Don't take *my* word for it. I don't say that the hoss has got a good eye. 'Twouldn't do me any good; you wouldn't believe me. Look for yourself."

"Did Ten Eyck send for dat hoss?"

"Oh, never mind," replied Boston, in high dudgeon. "'Tain't no use for you to ask. You can't have this hoss."

"Not if I gif's you money?"

"Hey?"

"Not if I gif's you more money as Ten Eyck?"

"You wouldn't."

"How much he gif's?"

"Fifty guilders."

"Hein!"

"Fifty guilders."

"Der tuyvel!"

"But what's the use talking? I must go on and leave the hoss. Want any thing in my line, mynheer?"

"Holt on. Ten Eyck shan't hav' dat hoss. I gif's you sixty guilders for him."

"Do you think I'd break my word for ten guilders?" cried Boston, taking up his pack.

"Seventy."

"Say eighty."

"No; seventy."

"Seventy-five. Come, git up, Lightfoot!"

"Vell, I gif's it. I gets de money."

"All right. I'll stay here. By the way, where is that other hoss?"

"Turned him out to commons."

"I'll give you five guilders for him."

"Dake him. He not wort two kreutzers."

"Not to *you*," replied the Yankee; "but to me he may be of use. Git the money."

Swedlepipe plunged into the cabin, and reappeared a moment after, and counted the money into Boston's hand.

"Any thing else I can do for you, mynheer?"

"Yaw."

"What is it?"

"Vell, I dells you. Shoost you sheat Ten Eyck so bad ash you sheat me, unt I gif's you *den* guilders!"

"Is that a bargain, squire?"

"Yaw! He vound out dat you selt me dat hoss, unt he laughs von whole day. Now, you sheat him. Vill you do it?"

"Yes. I'll cheat him for the ten guilders, for your sake. You know I don't often do it; but, to please a good friend, I will do a violence to my conscience, particularly in a case like this."

"Ven will you do it?"

"Oh, I don't know; pretty soon. When I have done it, you shall hear from me. I shall want that old hoss, howsumdever."

"Send for him ven you wants him. How you sheat Ten Eyck, eh?"

"I don't know now. I'll tell you when I do it."

He took up his pack and trudged courageously down the little street toward the fort. The stolid sentry made some demur against his entrance; but he got through at last. Swedlepipe gazed after him, with open mouth, until his form was concealed from view. Then, slowly replacing the pipe between his teeth, he ejaculated: "Dat ish ter tuyvel's poy, I dinks."

CHAPTER II.

BOSTON ON THE WITNESS-STAND.

BOSTON BAINBRIDGE knew that he entered the fort at considerable peril to himself; but he had learned, in his wandering life, to look danger in the face. His trickery in trade was as natural to him as the rising of smoke. But, underlying his whimsical manner, there was a vein of pure bravery, and an inherent love for deeds of daring. The jealousies between the Yankees and Dutch had strengthened by degrees, until the two parties begun to concert plans to oust each other from the stronghold they had taken. The Windsor party was headed by Captain William Holmes, a man of great individual courage, who had refused to retrace his steps when he first ascended the river, and ran by under fire of the Dutch guns. Knowing that the Dutch were concerting some plan for his overthrow, he determined to send Boston Bainbridge to Good Hope with his pack, to see what he could pick up in the way of information.

The appearance of Boston was no sooner made known to Van Curter, the commandant, than he sent out his orderly to bring the hawker into his presence. The former was a tall, hook-nosed man, with the erect bearing of a soldier. Boston did not like the expression of his eye. It was full of fire, dark and penetrating.

"Your name is Boston Bainbridge," said he. "If I remember aright, you were here some four months ago?"

"You are right, squire. I *was* here then, and I calculate I did a heap of dicker."

"Oh, you did? Allow me to remind you of the fact that you were told not to come here any more. You did not pay much attention to that."

"Now, see here, squire, I'll tell you all about it. I'm a trader, and it stands to reason that when a feller gets a good place to sell, he don't like to leave it. I didn't think you more than half-meant it. Let me show you some goods I've got—"

"Silence!" thundered Van Curter.

"Eh?"

"Silence, I say. Listen to me. Who sent you here?"

"Who sent me here? Now, squire, I calculate that ain't a fair question. Who should send me here? I came here to sell goods. Let me show—"

"Hans!" cried Van Curter.

The orderly entered.

"Draw your sword," continued Van Curter, "and if this fellow attempts again to speak of his beggarly pack, run him through the body."

The eyes of the hawker begun to flash, and he folded his arms upon his breast.

"Your questions?" he cried. "Let me hear them."

"First, then, who sent you here?"

"I have told you already."

"What did you come to do?"

"You will make nothing out of me while a man stands over me with a drawn sword. I am only a poor man—one of the poorest in his majesty's colony—but the threats of no *Dutchman* under heaven can scare *me*."

"What would you have me do?"

"Send away this fellow with the sword, and let me talk in my own way. We shall get along quite as well. And don't try to bully. I ain't used to it. There are those who will see me righted if I am ill-treated—*that* you must know."

"Do you threaten?"

"Will you send this fellow away?"

"Retire, Hans, and stand at the door. Enter when I call."

The orderly obeyed.

"Now speak," said Van Curter.

"You see, squire, I had been to Boston, and I calculated it was about time you were out of nicknacks, so I came out."

"You stick to that story? Have you been to Windsor?"

"Wal, I calculate I have."

"What is Holmes doing?"

"That's rather a hard question. The last time I saw him, he was eatin'. He *has* got a mouth to put away the provisions in, now I tell you."

"Pish, man; you know what I want to know. Tell me what they are doing at Windsor."

"They are building a mighty big stock-house there, I reckon —nigh as big as Good Hope. But law, what *can* they do? You could eat them up!"

"Are they preparing to attack me?"

"No, I calculate not. They have all they kin do to keep the Indians friendly."

"Do they talk much about us?"

"Yes, more or less. Not any thing to count, howsumdever."

"*What* do they say?"

"I reckon they think you are pretty strong here. They talk about that some."

"Do you think, if they were to attempt it, they would drive us out of Good Hope?"

"Now, I don't know as to *that*. I am a bit of a Boston man myself, and don't care so much for Windsor. I don't say they wouldn't if they got the chance. You see, it's a pretty bit of land, and you asked them to come out here."

"So we did, fools that we were to do it. What would you advise us to do?"

"You want me to tell you?"

"Yes."

"Honest?"

"Yes."

"Then *this* is what I think: Don't stir us up. We are good folks, if you let us alone; but if you rile us up, we git hornety. I don't say this to scare you, or any thing. But we are tough colts to ride without a halter."

"Do you think we fear you?"

"I don't say it. You may or you may not. But, you ask my advice, and I give it. Don't cut up rough. Don't go to smoothing us against the grain. Go with the nap of the cloth, and you'll find it'll work better."

"Ah! How many men have you at Windsor?"

"Don't keep mixing me up with the Windsor folks, squire. I don't belong there. I am a Boston man, myself."

"Then you won't refuse to tell me how many men you have?"

"I would if I could. A good many had gone out to hunt and trade. All through, there was a pretty lively sprinkling of them, I calculate."

"Do you think they have as many as we have?"

"How many do you reckon?"

Van Curter instantly gave him this information, and immediately cursed himself for doing it, fearing that the hawker would take advantage of the fact against him. He was the more angry from the fact that Boston refused to be at all explicit in regard to the number at Windsor. "He hadn't counted," he said. "They were scattered round a good deal; might be more or might be less. Couldn't bring himself to say, to a certainty, whether they had as many as Van Curter or not, but most probable a likely number."

"How did you come here?"

"I reckon that is easy to answer. Part of the way I walked, and part of the way I rode. Couldn't I sell you something, squire?"

"Wait until I have finished my questions. Did you see Captain Holmes at Windsor?"

"Yes, I told you before."

"Was William Barlow in Windsor?"

"The lieutenant?"

"Yes."

"Y-a-a-s. He was there."

"Did he know you were coming here?"

"Guess so."

"Do you *know?*"

"Y-a-a-s, I think he did. I didn't make no secret of it. I trade here a great deal."

"The last time you were here, you brought a message to my daughter from him. Don't deny it, for I know you did. Have you one now?"

"No. The lieutenant found out that you were mad about it, and he thought he wouldn't trouble the gal just now."

"You are sure you have not a letter about you somewhere?"

"You may s'arch me, if you think I have. 'Twon't be the first time it's been done."

"You are willing?"

"I can't say I am just *willing*. I allus prefer to have the handling of my goods *myself*. Before you call in your men, I'll go over the box and show you that there ain't any message in that."

Van Curter looked on zealously as the hawker tumbled over his goods upon the floor, and turned over its contents. He then examined the pack itself, and found nothing. Boston put the things back, saying, that "Dutchmen had sometimes light fingers as well as heavy bodies."

Van Curter now called in two men, who searched the hawker with great care. They found nothing.

"I told you so before you begun," said he. "You wouldn't believe *me*. Perhaps you will next time, and save yourself trouble."

The fellows went out, and Van Curter begun again, with the air of a man without hope:

"Did you come here alone?"

"Yes, I did. What will you ask next? I'd like to have you get done as soon as you can, for I want to be at work. I'm losing money on you."

A light came into the face of the other. "You like money, then?"

"I ain't much ahead of any Dutchman of my acquaintance, then. They like money. Of course I like money. Why not?"

"Then I have not been holding out the right inducement for you to speak."

"You are right in your head, old lad. I don't speak without a proper inducement."

"Is this right?" asked Van Curter, slipping a couple of gold pieces into his hand.

"Double it," said the other, shortly. The commandant obeyed. Boston clinked the pieces upon the floor, tried them with his teeth, and, being satisfied that they were good, put them in his pouch and turned to the commandant.

"That *is* the right argument. What do you want?"

"Did Barlow send any message to my daughter?"

"Y-a-a-s, he did."

"Have you got it?"

"Not in writin'."

"What did he say?"

"Assured her that he was hers till death."

"Ha!"

"That his love would never grow cold."

"The insufferable Englishman!"

"That he had not yet given up hope."

"He had better."

"Hopes to win your good will."

"Never!"

"Bids her trust in him, and they will meet again."

"Is that all?"

"Yes."

The commandant mused for some moments, with his head bowed upon his hand. Van Curter was one of those obstinate men, found often among soldiers, who loved or hated with vindictive energy. His hatred of the Yankees was intense, and it offended him greatly that his daughter should fix her affections upon one of the despised race. It would have pleased him better to have seen her married to some fat burgher of New Netherlands—one of his own nation.

"Listen, sir," said he, at last. "I have a few words to say to you. I love my child as well as any man can do. But I would sooner see her dead at my feet than married to a Yankee."

"Now, see here, squire. Don't talk that way. 'Tain't proper. We are an odd kind of people; I calculate we always get even with any one who hurts us. You don't know the lieutenant very well, I see. I do. There ain't a finer boy from the Floridas to Penobscot. He is brave, of good family, and I really don't see what you have against him."

"Let that pass. I have told you what I think about this matter. He shall never again see Theresa Van Curter."

Boston hummed a low tune.

"What do you mean by that?"

"Don't you believe any such thing, squire. You can't keep two young people apart. If I want to hurry on a marriage, I always get some old maid, old woman, or old man, no matter which, to *oppose* the match. *That* will bring it on, as sure as a gun!"

"You think so?"

"It stands to reason. It's just the way of human nature. They always want to eat forbidden fruit. Your best way would be to laugh the girl out of the idea, if you are so set against it."

"What a nation you will make some day," cried the other, in a tone of admiration. "You can not fail. There is nothing which you can not compass, for your desires are boundless. I seem to see with a prophet's eye. This great continent will one day bear a great nation famous for its liberal ideas, a nation of cunning men, who will hold the world in their grasp. My nation will contribute to make up *this* nation; for where liberal ideas and freedom to mankind hold sway, the Dutch must have a hand."

Worthy Van Curter, sitting in his rude fort upon the banks of the bright river, and prophesying the future of the land, in his wildest dreams never approached the reality. Who could hope that, in less than ten generations, the power of the wonderful race should have built up a republic, the grandest of nations, the hope of all the world!

"But, this is idle talk," the soldier continued, rising from his seat. "When you go back to Windsor, and you must go soon, as I will not have you hanging about here, you will see this Lieutenant Barlow, and take this message from me: under no circumstances will I tolerate, in the least degree, his addresses to my daughter. Let him beware how he crosses my path, or worse will come of it. Will you remember?"

"Y-a-a-s, squire."

"You may now go out and sell your goods. I give you two days. After that, you must leave the settlement. He rose and left the room, not aware of the fact that Boston was snapping his fingers behind his official back.

CHAPTER III.

TWO DUTCH BEAUTIES.

"GIT eout," said Boston, executing another flourish as he disappeared. "Two days, umph. Where will you be in two days, I should like to know? Now to business."

He took up the pack and departed from head-quarters, going out upon the parade. There he was besieged by a score of Dutchmen, several of whom reproached him with bad faith in previous bargains, but did not fail to buy; indeed, Boston Bainbridge was gifted by nature with that shrewdness in a bargain which is characteristic of that famous town from whence he took his name; so gifted, indeed, that one of his own countrymen, who had been cheated by him, gave him the name, and it had stuck to him ever after.

Getting rid of his purchasers, he carried his diminished pack to the door of a house more pretentious than the others, situated upon the river bank. His knock brought to the door a Teutonic damsel, who started back in undisguised dismay at the sight of the hawker.

"Hist, Katrine," said he; "don't make a row. How are you?"

"What do you want, Boston?" replied the girl, quickly. "I will not join any scheme against the peace of my cousin."

"Sho, now, who asked you? It seems to me, my dear, that you don't seem glad to see me, after so long a time."

"I ain't. Don't you know it's dangerous to come here? You were in trouble enough before, cheat that you are; but now—"

"Well, what now?"

"I won't tell. It's enough for you to know that something besides a broken head will be yours if you stay. Take up your pack, for heaven's sake, and be off about your business."

Boston passed his arm about the waist of the buxom girl, and led her into the kitchen. There he dropped his pack,

drew her down upon his knee, and kissed her with hearty good-will. She struggled desperately, uttered a good many protests, and ended by returning his kisses in right good earnest.

"Dere now," said Katrine, in her pretty English, just enough touched with the Teutonic element to give it a zest, "I hope you be satisfied. Now tell me why you come here? Be quiet, can't you?"

The last exclamation was elicited by an attempt on the part of Boston to kiss her again. This she resisted, as in duty bound, until out of breath, and then yielded as before.

"You want to know why I am here. I came upon that which you would have sent me away on a while ago—business, and to see you."

"Me! Far enough from Good Hope you would be, if only poor Katrine brought you here. Confess, now, you have other business?"

"Of course; I said so. *Plenty* of business, and you must help me, Katrine. But first, tell me what you meant by saying I should have something besides my head broken?"

"Just your neck, that's all."

"That ain't much, Katrine."

"No, dat ain't much, or you wouldn't risk it so many times every day. I tell you to go away."

"You haven't told me why."

"I won't tell, either."

"Then I won't go. I am not going to run away from a shadow."

"Dis no shadow; you will be taken as a spy."

"Sho; we ain't at war with the Dutch. No saying how soon we may be, though; besides, I don't mind telling you that I have been before the commandant to-day, and was pretty thoroughly searched, too. What does it matter? They didn't find any thing, though. Where is your cousin?"

"I knew you would come to that, Boston; but it is no use. I won't—I *won't*—I WON'T! You needn't ask me."

"You won't—you *won't*—you WON'T! and I needn't ask you. That's pretty strong. Pray, before you refuse any thing, wait till you are asked. Do you think I want to hurt your cousin?"

"I don't know," sobbed poor Katrine, "I don't think you would; but I love my cousin."

"So do I!"

"What!"

"I love her just as every man who ever saw her loves her, as I love a beautiful picture or a clear night, or as something holy and pure, entirely beyond my reach. As a lovely piece of God's handiwork, I admire her—but she would not do for every-day use. I have some one in my mind who would suit me better."

"Who?" asked Katrine, quickly.

"I don't like to tell; you might not like it."

"Never mind," said she, struggling away from him. "Don't touch me again; I don't want to know her name."

"Oh, but you must hear it," replied the other, "I'll tell it now, just to spite you. Her name is—"

"I won't hear," cried the girl, putting her fingers in her ears—"I won't hear. Don't you try for to tell me."

"She is a pretty girl, I tell you," said Boston, with a malicious twinkle in his eyes, "and you don't know how I love her—you don't want to hear her name?"

"No," said Katrine, with a quiver of the lip, "I won't hear it."

"I've a good mind not to tell you, though I know you are dying to hear it. Yes, I will; her name is—" Katrine took her fingers partly out of her ears.

"A Dutch one," went on Bainbridge. The girl again stopped her ears.

"But a pretty name for all that," said Boston. "You don't want to hear it; then I'll tell it. I call her *Katrine!*"

"What's her other name?"

"Veeder."

"*Me!* Oh, you beast—you been fooling me all dis time. You lie, *dreadful;* I don't know what may happen to you; but, after all, I am glad you said Katrine, and I am glad you said Veeder, for I don't know what I should do if you were to fall in love with any one else, you dear, cheating, bundling old vagabond!"

With these somewhat contridictory epithets, Katrine kissed him, then and there.

"Let's get back to what we were talking of before, my dear," said Boston. "I can't afford too much time here. Where is Theresa?"

"Somewhere about the house.'

"Where?"

"I don't know, Boston; promise me—promise poor Katrine that you will not lead her into any rash things, which may make her father angry; he is none too kind to her since she saw dat young lieutenant, and they learned to love each other. Dat's de same time you and me tried it, you dear old swindler."

"The very time. Now, I ain't going to make no rash promises. I don't know what *may* happen; but, this I will promise—through my means, no harm shall come to the gal. I like her for herself, and I like her for the sake of Willie, who is the best young fellow I know."

A clear, rich voice soúnded at this moment in a merry song. Katrine held up her hand.

"That's her; who could have the heart to do her a wrong? Ah; she is coming in here."

The door was thrown open, and the singer stood upon the threshold like a picture in a frame—a beautiful picture, too. Theresa Van Curter was a rare type of her style of beauty—the blonde. Her fair hair, lustrous and waving, was put back from a white forehead, and confined at the back with an antique comb; her dress was suited to the station in which she was placed, partaking something of the Indian character, and giving free play to her limbs, a broad hat, which she had been wearing in her stroll through the forest, was swung upon her arm, while her hand clasped a bouquet of wild flowers she had gathered. She started in some surprise at the appearance of Boston, and then, dropping the flowers and hat to the floor, sprung forward.

"Oh, sir, you here! Have you any news?"

She paused in some confusion.

"You needn't go on," said Boston, "I never keep a lady waiting. I have a letter for you."

Theresa put out her hand quickly.

"It must be from *him!*"

"Yes, it's from *him*. Your father tried hard to find it.

He would give me both Jerusalem and Jericho if he knew I had it. You see I calculated on being searched, and hid the paper."

"You did?"

"Yes, I did. Have you got such a thing as a knife around here? Thank you, Katrine. What a famous little house-keeper you'll make, having every thing so handy about you! Take hold of my old cap and help me."

A few moments' work about the lining of the old hat which the hawker had worn revealed a letter, which he took and handed to Theresa. She turned away to the window, and read it hastily. A shade passed over her fine face as she read.

"Is he well?" she asked, turning to Boston, who was engaged in a flirtation with Katrine.

"Oh, yes, ma'am. You see he is out of spirits on your account, and that runs him down some. But he is hearty. Just send him a cheery word, and all will be well in the twinkling of an eye."

"I am going to my room now, and shall write an answer to this. You must remain until I come back. I shall not be long."

She hurried away quickly, leaving Boston with Katrine —and they sat down by the casement. They quarreled, and "made up" again, several times, before Theresa appeared with an answer to the note.

"I have a little to say to you. Your father took me today, and made me confess that I had a message to you."

"Oh dear! You did not show him that letter?"

"Not a bit of it. But I told him that the message was verbal, and gave him one of my own making up. Sounded natural enough. Faithful unto death, and that sort of stuff. You understand."

"And did not Willie send any such message to me?"

"A thousand; but I couldn't think of half he said, if I were to spend a week in meditation on the subject. You will take them all for granted."

"I fancy that Willie had better change his messenger," said Theresa, with a pout. "I am sure he might do better."

"I am sorry to say that *I* think you are wrong," replied Boston, coolly stroking his beard. "There ain't another man

in the five provinces that would do for you what I've done, time and again."

"I am sorry I said that, Boston," said Theresa, relenting quickly. "I know you are faithful and true, but you ought to remember. Was my father *very* angry?"

"Very particularly angry," replied Boston. "Looked as if he wanted to eat all the tribe of Yankees, beginning with me."

"Was he angry at me?"

"I calculate he *was*. I don't want no one to be angrier with me, I guess. He was *awful* mad."

"Then you had better go away. But first open your pack and let me get what I need. We have waited a long time for you."

"That's because you can trust me. You know that, though I will beat Dutch *men* sometimes, I never try to beat women."

"What a twister," cried Katrine.

"Now don't you put in at all, Katrine. I won't have it. Let me trade with Miss Theresa in my own way. You know I won't try to cheat her."

"But you do some women."

"In trade I might. You stop talking, or the dress I am going to sell you will fall to pieces in washing."

The girl was bending over the pack when the commandant entered. He looked a little angry when he saw the peddler.

"Don't attempt to ply your trade here, sir. Go elsewhere."

"Why, squire, as to that, the way I look at it is this: You gave me two days to trade, and you didn't say *where* I should go in particular. You didn't buy any thing, and I thought your daughter might want a few traps."

"Where do you intend to pass the night"

"I don't know. But surely some one will be glad to entertain me, and take some of my wares in consideration. I've picked up a good many furs since I came out here, and they are getting heavy. I can't travel far in a day."

"You should have a horse," said Theresa, looking up from the pack, which she was turning over after a woman's fashion.

"I *did* have one when I came, but old Paul Swedlepipe wouldn't take 'no' for an answer, but would have him."

"I'll wager my commission that he paid for the horse,"

said Van Curter, with a laugh. "How much did he give you?"

"Seventy-five guilders. I look upon it in the light of a praiseworthy action—*giving* that hoss away."

"Giving it away! S'death, man, I have a dozen horses, and you may have the best of them for seventy-five guilders."

"I'll take a look into your stable before I go away," said Boston. "In the mean time, I've got something I want *you* to look at." He tumbled over the wares and took out a pair of heavy spurs. "Now look at that," he cried, in a tone of exultant admiration. "Did you ever, in your born days, see sech a pair of spurs as that? No you didn't, so you needn't say it. I don't say that they are the best pair of spurs in the Colonies, but I put it to you, squire, can you put your finger upon a pair as good, anywhere? If you can, I should be proud to know it."

Van Curter took up the spurs and looked at them closely.

"Now tell me," said he, "where is the cheat in this pair of spurs. I take it for granted that there is such a thing about it, since a Yankee brought them. Is it in the price, or in the articles themselves?"

"Oh, as to that," replied Boston, with an air of injured innocence, "I don't say any thing. You will have it that there is a cheat in every thing I offer for sale; but, if there is one there, *you* can't find it."

Van Curter laughed again.

"Come now," he said, "I am willing to take the spurs, and at your price, too, if you will tell me just where the cheat is to be?"

"You will take them any way?"

"Yes."

"Then I'll tell you; or, rather, it won't be necessary to tell you any more than the price."

"And what is the price?"

"Forty guilders."

"Hein!" shouted Van Curter, breaking into Dutch. "Do you mean, seriously and gravely, to ask me forty guilders for a pair of spurs not worth ten?"

"You wanted to know where the cheat was—in the spurs or the price. You've got it. It's in the *price*."

"Der tuyvel! Hold; here is your money. And now take away your pack, or you will ruin my house. Go quickly."

"I was thinking to wait," said Boston, coolly buttoning up the cash in his breeches-pocket, "until the lady has made her selections; she don't seem to have finished."

"Make your purchases quickly, Theresa, and come with me. I wish to speak with you. Do not delay."

Theresa gathered up her purchases and demanded the price. He gave such a moderate one, even for him, that Van Curter was astonished, and made no attempt to make the price less.

"You have some conscience yet, Bainbridge," he said. "Here is your money. Come, Theresa."

The girl followed him from the room, casting a glance back at the peddler, who had stooped over his pack, and was throwing out various articles, at the bidding of Katrine.

"Do you know what I will bring from Boston when I come again?" said he.

"No," said Katrine, with a smile. "What?"

"A ring and a minister."

"What for?" asked Katrine, in sublime unconsciousness.

"If you don't know now you will know then," was the answer. "You'd better have this dress made up against that time." With this he kissed her again, arranged his pack, and left the house, making his way back to the house of Paul Swedlepipe.

CHAPTER IV.

BOSTON "SHEATS" THE LEAN DUTCHMAN, AND TURNS UP IN HIS REAL CHARACTER.

Boston found Paul Swedlepipe exercising the horse which he had so lately bought from him. Beyond a strong desire to get his hind feet higher than his head when hard pressed, and a tendency to roll upon his rider when spurred, Paul had no fault to find with his purchase. He found that the little beast really possessed great powers of endurance, and was tolerably swift. The truth of the matter was, Boston

had purchased the pony for his own use, and not to *sell*. The pleasant little fiction on his part, in regard to his having been purchased for Mynheer Ten Eyck, was made up on the spur of the moment, to induce Swedlepipe to buy, for Boston never missed any opportunity for a trade.

Not being cheated so badly as he expected, Swedlepipe was in good humor, and received the peddler with a smile, even while he restrained an attempt to kick on the part of the Narragansett.

"Ah-ha! Boston. Dat you, eh? Dis pretty goot hoss; glad dat you not sheat me too mooch dis time. You come for dem guilders, eh?"

"Not yet, mynheer. You see I've been pesky busy sense I left you. But I'll keep my word. There comes Ten Eyck now."

"Yaw, dat is goot. Let me stant by vile you sheat him."

"I am only going to begin to-day. To-morrow I will finish," replied Boston.

The ancestor of that famous race, the Ten Eyck's of our country, rode up at this moment. It may be well to mention that this man and Swedlepipe were hereditary foes, and lost no opportunity for inflicting loss upon each other. Ten Eyck had rather the best of the encounter, as he had heard the story of the horse sold to Swedlepipe a few months before, which had caused the quarrel between the peddler and Swedlepipe.

In person, the two Dutchmen were at variance. Swedlepipe was short and stout; Ten Eyck was tall and lank. Swedlepipe's hair was black; Ten Eyck's was yellow, nearly approaching to red. Swedlepipe's voice was pitched in a high treble; Ten Eyck had a deep, resounding bass. In an encounter with cudgels, the battle would have been to the strong, in the person of Swedlepipe. The acute Ten Eyck knew this right well, and likewise knew that he had the advantage in the use of harsh words and taunts. He had been especially hard upon poor Paul in the matter of the horse-trade.

The steed which Ten Eyck himself bestrode would not have been selected as an object of admiration upon Broadway

or Rotten Row. In spite of the food which his master crammed into him, he would *not* grow fat. His bones protruded in a highly objectionable manner. His head was nearly double the size of that of any ordinary horse, and his neck being very long, he found it extremely difficult to hold it up. In consequence, a line drawn from the ears to the tail would have touched the back at every point. Boston hailed the appearance of this remarkable beast with a yell of delight.

"Oh, Lord! What a hoss—what a hoss!"

Swedlepipe joined at once in the cry.

"Whose hoss you laughing at, you Yankee? Dat hoss you sell to Swedlepipe a *little* worse, I guess."

"I calculate you are wrong there, Mister Longshanks. Why, I know that hoss you are riding. He is forty years old. Some say that he was brought over in the Mayflower; some say not. A man like you oughtn't to ride such a horse. Look at Mynheer Swedlepipe, and see what a hoss *he* rides! I s'pose you have heard how I sold the other one to him. That was all a mistake, and I have made it all right Haven't I, Mynheer Swedlepipe?"

"Yaw;" said Paul. "Dat ish goot now; dat vash bad hoss, dis ish goot von."

Ten Eyck looked at the prancing pony with infinite disgust. Such was the nature of the two men, that one could not bear to have the other possess any thing which he could not get. Every prance of the Narragansett, every shake of his long tail, went to the tall man's very heart. As for Swedlepipe, his face fairly beamed with exultation, and he stutterred in his joy, when he attempted to speak.

"The fact is, Mynheer Ten Eyck," said Boston, "you don't know who to buy a horse of, and you get cheated. Now I will tell you, in confidence, that there are several men in Windsor who would not hesitate to cheat you, upon any occasion. But, I have a character to lose; I must deal in a good article. If I sell you bad goods or a bad hoss, you will not buy of me again. Do you see?"

Ten Eyck saw.

"Very good, then. If you had bought a horse from me, it would have been a good one, if you paid me a *good price.*

Of course you wouldn't expect a very good horse for a very poor price. That's plain enough, is it not?"

"You got long tongue, Boston," said Ten Eyck. "Have you got a hoss to sell?"

"I can't rightly say that I have a hoss just now. But I know where I can put my hand upon one within five hours."

"Steal him?"

"You say that again, and I'll drive your long legs four feet into the ground," cried Boston, turning upon the Dutchman in sudden wrath. "Hark ye, sir. I am a plain man, and I speak plain language. In the way of trade I'll get as much out of a man for as little in return, as any man in the five colonies. But, I won't take 'thief' from any man. So look out."

Ten Eyck almost fell from his horse in fear, and hastened to disclaim any personal allusion in his question.

"All right. Now I'll answer your question. This hoss is where I can get him easily. All you have got to do is to ride home, and come again about five this evening to Paul Swedlepipe's. You can see the hoss there."

Turning up his nose at Paul Swedlepipe, and applying his heels to the sides of the remarkable courser he bestrode, Ten Eyck rode away, bobbing up and down in his saddle like a dancing-Jack.

"Now, Paul," said Boston, "I want your help. Where is this hoss I sold you the other day?"

"Out in de bush."

"Send for him."

"What you want of him?"

"Never you mind; he is mine, and I want him. And mind, I also want the teeth and tail I sold with him. Them I must have."

Paul called to one of his boys, and sent him after the horse, while he himself produced the tail and teeth which he had carefully preserved. The boy returned in about an hour, during which Paul and the hawker imbibed large quantities of apple-jack, not strong enough, however, to unsettle their ideas. When the boy appeared, Boston took the bridle of the horse, and led him away, closely followed by Swedlepipe.

Reaching an open glade in the forest, the peddler stopped, and tethered the horse to a swaying limb. He then took from his pack a keen lancet, with which he made a small incision in the skin under the shoulder of the beast. In this slit he inserted a quill, and begun to blow. Those accustomed to the management of a horse know the effect of this. In a few moments Paul, who stood looking on in open-mouthed wonder, did not know the horse, who seemed to grow fat under the hands of the skillful jockey.

After he had blown the animal up to a wholesome plumpness, Boston nicely and tightly sewed up the small incision. Then taking from his pack a small vial, he filled a large gourd which he had brought from the house with water from the spring, and poured into it the contents of the vial. The water at once assumed a greenish hue. With this mixture he now washed the horse thoroughly in every part, keeping him carefully in the shade. This done, he led him out into the sunlight, and, to the intense astonishment of Paul Swedlepipe, by some chemical action of the sun upon the mixtre, the horse changed at once from a dirty white to a delicate shade of brown. Raising his hands upward, as if calling witnesses to his astonishment, the Dutchman cried:

"Der tuyvel is upon earth. You ish der tuyvel!"

"No, Paul. A lineal descendant of the old fellow, though. Do you think I could sell that horse to Ten Eyck?"

"Yaw. He is so goot changed he would sheat me again. I never puys nottings from you no more."

"He must stand in the sun for a couple of hours, to let the color fasten, and then we will take him up to the house. Now let me put you up to a wrinkle. When Ten Eyck comes for the horse, I want you to bid against him."

"Vat ish dat?"

"If he offers forty guilders for him, you must offer fifty."

"For dat hoss? I no wants dat hoss."

"You needn't have him. Of course Ten Eyck will bid sixty. You will then say seventy."

"Yaw, put I ton't vant dat hoss."

"I tell you I only want you to *bid*, and when I think he has offered enough, I shall wink to you, and you must stop bidding."

"Put I needn't have te hoss, eh?"

"No, you blockhead! Do as I tell you, if you want him to buy the horse."

All this while, however, the Yankee was at work putting on the alien tail and putting in the ejected teeth, which, instead of being tied in, as Paul had said, were, in truth wired together with a skill which a modern dentist might have envied. It must have cost Boston time and patience to have produced such a double row of horse-incisors and molars; but he accomplished the task quite to his satisfaction—"good enough to deceive a dumb Dutchman," he ejaculated.

It took some time to drum into Swedlepipe's head that he was only required to make Peter Funk bids against the destined victim. Boston knew full well that if he *sold* Ten Eyck he would make a powerful enemy, as the tall man was high in power in the House of Good Hope. But, the events which he knew were on the march made him careless of consequences. Ten Eyck came at the appointed time, and found the two seated amicably over some long pipes and a goodly measure of apple-jack.

"Vere is dat hoss?" he said.

"Outside," said Boston. "Let's go out and see him. Oh, by the way, since you were here my friend Swedlepipe has seen this horse and has taken a fancy to it. I am afraid he will bid against you."

"You promised him to me."

"I promised to *show* you a hoss, and I will keep my word. Come, mynheer, let us go together."

The horse was now tied in a little inclosure at the back of the house, whither the party now wended their way. Boston's jockey-training had not been in vain, and it was really a handsome beast to look at!

"Now, den," said Ten Eyck, taking out a plethoric purse, "vat you ask for dat hoss?"

"I don't set any price for him," replied Boston. "What do you think he is worth."

"I gifs you vifty guilders."

"What do you say, Mynheer Swedlepipe? Shall I let it go for that? I leave it entirely to you."

"No," said Paul. "I gif's sixty."

"You try to git dat hoss, *pudding-head*," cried the other; "I gif's seventy guilders."

It is needless to follow the course of the trade—to give the words which passed between the bidders—how Paul, forgetting that he was only bidding in jest, refused to stop when Boston winked at him, but bid higher! Affairs trembled in the balance. Ten Eyck looked at the horse and his rival, and swore in his inmost soul to have the beast, if it took every guilder from his purse. He bid higher, and while he cogitated, Boston had winked Paul into submission.

"One hundred and fifty guilders," said Boston. "It's a good pile. You don't go any higher, Mynheer Swedlepipe?"

"Nein," said Paul.

"Then you may have him, Ten Eyck. It's as good a *sell* as you ever heard on, I guess."

The last named individual counted out the money, bestrode the transformed beast, and rode away to his home, while Paul, falling prostrate upon the earth, hugged himself, and shouted with laughter. Boston, chinking the money in his purse, uttered a satisfied chuckle, and went his way.

The hawker did not stay in the settlement, though the sun was low in the forest, and the Indians were thick as the deer, and bloody as the panther. Once in the woods, and out of sight of the village, he deftly hid his pack beside a fallen tree, drew out a beautiful gun from its place of concealment, and assumed an active, erect attitude, much unlike the slouching gait which had marked his course in the village. He cast a keen glance about him, and begun to load his piece before he set forward on the trail. This done, he tightened his belt, took a hasty glance at the sky, and buried himself in the woods.

The forest path along which he journeyed was tangled, and covered by fallen leaves, in which his feet fell with a slight rustle. At times the deer started up from a thicket, and went crashing away. At others the brown bear went lumbering over the path, casting a surly glance over her shoulder at the strange intruder upon her native woods. The warning rattle of the venomous snake sounded in his ear; the howl of a distant panther was heard. Such were the sights and sounds of a Connecticut forest, in those early times.

The change in the man who trod the forest path was wonderful. No longer the peddler keen for a trade, and seeing only the main chance, but a sharp, vigilant woodman, ready for any emergency which might arise.

As he passed through a thick part of the woods, a confused sound came to his ears, as of a struggle among the dry leaves. Dashing aside the branches, with a hasty step he broke into an open place in the forest, and looked in upon a strange scene.

The glade was not empty. Two men lay upon the ground, engaged in a struggle for life or death. Their quick, panting breaths came to Boston's ears. Drawing his knife, he rushed forward, shouting:

"Hold your hands! He who strikes another stroke will have me to fight."

The two men rose slowly and sullenly to their feet, casting looks of hate at each other. One, however, recognizing Boston, extended a hand, giving him a cheerful welcome.

"But what means this, William Barlow? How is it that I find you brawling like a boy with a stranger, when you have weighty affairs to attend to? By my faith, I did not look for this at your hands!"

The person he addressed was young, and clad in the uniform of the early Connecticut soldiery. His form was erect, and his bearing that of a soldier. He bent down his eyes, wonderful as it may seem, at the words of the peddler.

"You are right, Boston, in saying that I had no right to quarrel. But it was forced upon me against my will. Yonder man will tell you that this quarrel is none of my seeking."

The person of whom he spoke had stood upon his guard, drawing his sword, and expecting to fight both men when they had done with their conference. He, too, had the erect bearing of the soldier, and *his* dress was that of captain of the soldiers at Manhattan. His face was a study. Seen in repose, it was beautiful, for a man. But now, with his anger fresh upon him, it seemed the face of a fiend. This was Joseph Van Zandt, captain in the army of the governor at New Netherlands, a brave soldier, but an unscrupulous foe.

"If it will aid you," said he, "I do not hesitate to say that I forced this quarrel upon Lieutenant Barlow."

"So sure as my name is Boston Bainbridge," said that worthy, "I could give you no worse punishment than to leave you in the hands of Willie Barlow. I have not the least doubt he would give a good account of you. But, it may not be. How came this quarrel about?"

"I met him here," said Barlow, "and he talked in a friendly tone at first; but when I gave my name he drew upon me with the utmost fury."

"Why was this, sir?" asked Boston, turning to the captain. "Can not men meet in the forest, but they must fight like dogs?"

"Ask me no questions. I do not recognize your right to do so. It is enough for me to know that the name of the man who stands by your side is so hateful to me that I am his enemy to the death."

"You are over bold, sir," said Boston, setting his teeth hard. "What hope have you, if we two set upon you together."

"The hope of a man and a soldier," replied Captain Van Zandt, quickly. "I may fall, or I may conquer. Set on!"

"I did not say we would attack you. We are peaceful men, and do not pick quarrels with every man whose name does not suit us."

"Let *him* ask me why I hate the name he bears," replied the other, "and I will tell him. That is, if he cares to know."

"If you choose to tell," said Willie, "I should like to hear; for, by my faith, I never offended you in the slightest degree."

"I will tell you. Because you took advantage of your position as ambassador from the Plymouth Colony, and tried to win away from me my affianced wife, Theresa Van Curter."

Willie took a forward step, and addressed the young man boldly:

"I am glad you have spoken," said he. "We now understand each other. While I fought with you a few moments since, I was angry at myself, because I fought with a man with whom I had no quarrel. I am best pleased that you

have told me what cause we have to be bad friends. And yet, I can not feel that it is necessary to fight. Let the one who can win the heart of Theresa Van Curter take her for a wife, and let the other do as best he may. If you win her, I shall bid you God-speed. If I win, you may do the same. Is not this the nobler way?"

"Such sickly philosophy may do for you Englishmen," answered the other, coldly. "As for me, I am not of such blood. I love Theresa. She has been a guide to me through life—my leading star. I will not lose her now, when the time has come when she was promised to me. Will you give her up?"

"Not I. If I have any place in her heart, I would not yield it for any living man."

"Be it so then. We are enemies from this hour. When we fight again it shall be where no man can come between. Do you intend to detain me, sir? I do not know your name."

"Not at all. Go your way and leave us to go ours," said Boston.

The captain turned hastily away, for it was now quite dark in the forest, and made his way to the river-side, where he expected to meet a party from the House of Good Hope, sent to meet him by Van Curter. The two men, being left alone in the forest, did not remain in the place where they stood, but hastened away to the river-side, by a different route. Here they entered one of the limestone caves, found on the river's bank. The peddler lighted a pine torch. Then the two sat down to talk.

CHAPTER V.

BOSTON AS A MISCHIEF-MAKER.

THERESA had met the young Englishman on an embassay to Manhattan, as Captain Van Zandt had said. Their love had been a plant of quick growth, and her father learned too late that her heart was given to Willie. She had been betrothed in youth to young Van Zandt, the son of an old comrade in

arms. Hence the knowledge made the fiery colonel particularly angry. In his rage, Van Curter had sent a messenger to Joseph, desiring his presence at Good Hope. Every thing being remarkably quiet in the Manhattan settlement, just then, the captain readily obtained leave of absence. While on his way to the House of Good Hope, by the river, he met the young lieutenant, who was evidently waiting for somebody, on the river's bank. Retiring as the boat-load of Manhattaners approached, Barlow was followed into the forest by the captain. Not being a man to run from a Manhattaner, Barlow paused, and, as we have seen, closed in mortal combat.

It was the desire of Van Curter to hurry on the marriage by every means in his power. But, at present, his whole attention was turned to a project for driving the English from Windsor. He saw, with increasing fear, that the domineering Yankees were spreading more and more through the country, and that, unless checked by some means, they would soon possess the whole country. The transactions carried on by our English ancestors, of which the dealings of Boston Bainbridge was a fair type, were enough to drive that well-intentioned people stark mad. No wonder, therefore, that they concocted a plan for the possession of Windsor, on the river above Good Hope.

Captain Holmes had set up this post, as has been suggested, in direct opposition to the wishes of Van Curter. The dialogue which passed between them as the English sloop passed up the stream, was so characteristic of the two men, that we repeat it:

"Where would you go?" cried Van Curter.

"Up the river, to trade," replied Holmes.

"Strike and stay!" shouted the commandant, "or I will fire into you."

"Fire and be hanged," returned Holmes. "The river is mine as much as your own."

Van Curter thought better of it, and did not fire. The sloop passed up the stream, and founded the post which afterward awakened the Dutchman's ire to such an extent.

It was night when Joseph Van Zandt arrived at Good Hope, and he went at once to the cabin of Van Curter. He had not retired, but sat alone at a table, by a flaring lamp,

writing a dispatch to the governor. He started up in great joy at the sight of the captain, and held out both hands to him.

"Sit thee down, lad. Thou art welcome. How go things in the Manhattoes?"

"Very fairly. Can you say as much of this colony?"

"No. The Yankees advance step by step, and the time is not far off when we shall be driven entirely away, unless we do something ourselves. But, I have a plan in my mind, Joseph—I have a plan; and, faith, it is a good one. How long have you been on the way?"

"Four days. I should have been here ere now, but my horse got his foot into a stocking on the road, and broke it. I was forced to shoot it and take to the sound and river."

"That is bad; but I think we can supply you. Ten Eyck bragged to-day, in the council, that he had the best horse in the colony. It ought to be, if he paid the price he says he did, which is a hundred and fifty guilders. You ought to have seen Paul Swedlepipe's face while Ten Eyck told about that horse."

"What? Do they keep up the old feud yet?"

"Stronger than ever, my dear Joseph. But, what puzzled me most was, that Paul seemed to work hard to refrain from laughing, when he ought to have felt more like crying. It looked suspicious to me."

"Has any one else seen the horse?"

"Yes—several of the council. And they all agree that it is a good beast. Most wonderful of all, he was sold by a Yankee. Swedlepipe bid as high as a hundred and forty guilders before he would give up. But that a Yankee should sell a good horse! Who ever heard of such a thing?"

Joseph laughed at this, but he was not so far from Good Hope as not to know that Yankees did not sell good wares.

"We will see this wonderful beast to-morrow, and if he is any thing like what he is reported, I shall want him. Whom think you I met in the forest?"

"I could not guess."

"You will hardly believe it. A man whom I never saw but once in my life, and whom I hate, for all that, with all my soul."

"Who may that be?"

"William Barlow."

Colonel Van Curter leaped to his feet. "I swear by the bones of my father, that if Boston Bainbridge dares to show his face again in Good Hope, I will crop his ears off close to his head, and turn him off."

"Boston Bainbridge!"

"Ay."

"That is the very man who came between us. You must know, then, that I followed this man Barlow into the woods, and soon had him at bay, curse him! We were down upon the earth, tearing at each other's throats, so closely grappled that we could not use our swords, when this man rushed in and parted us, swearing to strike the one who made another stroke—a daring, resolute fellow, I saw at a glance."

"You astonish me. It can not be the man I mean. The Bainbridge I knew is a sneaking dog of a hawker, who has made more mischief in Good Hope than any ten men I know. But he is a pitiful wretch, who will do almost any thing for money."

"This man was as determined-looking a fellow as I ever saw in my life, I am certain; and looked as if a fight was meat and drink to him. And what is more, your friend Barlow deferred to him as to a superior."

"It can not be that there are two. The fellow showed some spirit to-day, and all the information I got out of him did not amount to much,. You may be right; it may be the hawker—confound him! But I am at a loss. Did he have his pack?"

"No. He was armed, though, with musket, knife and pistols, and looked an ugly customer."

"Let it pass. As to the Boston Bainbridge who is known to me, we shall have something to say to each other when we next meet. If it is the one who is known to you, we may have something else to say to him. You say you quarreled with Barlow."

"Yes. The very name of the fellow aroused me to rage. I struck him with my open hand in the face—and we fought. This Bainbridge came between; but it is a quarrel to the death. In the first burst, he spoke quite angrily to Barlow,

as one who had a right to do it, and the young man appeared ashamed."

"What can it mean?" said Van Curter, uneasily. "This fills me with doubts and fears which I can not fathom. Did you leave them together?"

"Yes, in the forest, a league or more from Good Hope."

"It must be Bainbridge," mused Van Curter. "He is the sworn friend of Barlow; and yet, the new character you give him is so utterly unlike the one he has borne, that I can't understand it at all."

"Let us speak of something else. Does Theresa know of my coming?"

"No; I thought it would be a pleasant surprise for her."

Van Zandt set his teeth hard at the words, for he realized, only too painfully, that any thing like love for him was now foreign to the heart of Theresa. The old soldier knew that he was angry, and wisely allowed him his own time to answer. When the captain had controlled himself sufficiently to speak, he said:

"I have my fears upon the subject—I am afraid I shall never get my own. You have promised me the hand of Theresa; I have waited for it long years; but I have always feared that something would come between me and the promise. It *has* come."

"Do you fear this Barlow?" asked the other, in some contempt. "Have you not an honored name—a name second to none in our own land? Have you not the most handsome face in the seven colonies? Bah!"

"You are old, Colonel Van Curter, and you do not know a woman's heart, after all. I tell you that I have made woman a study; they claim to be influenced by personal beauty in man; but, put them to the test, and you will find that, after all, the most beautiful women make a choice of men who, though plain in person, are the only ones who can find the road to their hearts."

"In truth, you may be right; but you may be the one who has the key to Theresa's heart. You *shall* be, by heaven!"

"Would you force her to marry me against her inclination?"

"I would keep my word to your father, even if I had to use force."

"I would not have her upon such terms," said the young man. "She must be mine entirely, heart and hand; if it can not be so, I renounce her hand, and apply myself to the task of taking worthy vengeance upon the man who has dared to step in between me and the love of the woman I prize highest. I know him, I thank God. He can not escape me. Where is Theresa?"

"She has retired."

"There will be a meeting, I am sure, between her and this Yankee. We must watch."

"This is the work of Bainbridge; he has gone between them, carried letter after letter, and been the means of making her fancy stronger; he, too, has something which will draw him back to this place."

"What is that?"

"Katrine."

"Bah!"

"She is a beauty not to be despised, and her family is good—she is first cousin to Theresa."

"Right, I forgot; but I have not seen her for years. Do you know that in coming up the river, I fancied I was followed by a canoe part of the way."

"Indians?"

"I do not know."

"Never mind; come nearer, and I will tell you my secret plans about Windsor and the English, whom I am determined to baffle and defeat."

The men drew close together, and looked over the paper. As they did so a face rose slowly into view on the other side of the room, peering in at the open lattice. It was the face of Boston Bainbridge.

"You are sure no one listens?" asked Joseph.

"Ay; my men know better than to listen at the windows or doors of Jacob Van Curter; I would string them up to a swaying limb, or give them forty stripes, save one."

"I thought I heard a sound, a moment since."

"The girls, perhaps; open that door, and look into the kitchen."

Joseph rose and opened the door; the kitchen was empty; the fire burned low upon the hearth, and the rays danced upon the dishes in the dresser.

"You heard the wind," said Van Curter; "it is rising fast. It will rain to-night."

"I am glad I got in safe before the storm. Hark to that."

The wind was rising with a sullen and fast-increasing roar; in a few moments the rain begun to fall. Joseph stirred the fire with a feeling of enjoyment, and the two drew up to the table.

"You remember this Captain Holmes—my curse upon his head—who would not pause when I told him to strike and stay?" said Van Curter.

"I remember him well."

"He commands this post at Windsor; if any thing would make me long to take the post more than another, it would be the fact that I hate him. To him we may trace the entrance of these Yankees into our midst."

"Did you not invite them to settle?"

"Yes, fool that I was to do it; but I did not know them then as I do now. I would as soon have let in fiends from the pit."

"Then they are not to blame for hanging on to their possessions. You should not have asked them here."

"They have learned to despise us, because we are so easily taken in. They are right in that; a greater set of dunderheads than those under my commmand never congregated before. If it were not for two or three of my officers, my blockheads would have their teeth drawn in the night, and never know it."

"What slander upon such men as the worthy Paul Swedlepipe and Mynheer Ten Eyck."

"There you have a specimen. What can a man do who must be guided, in a manner, by the advice of such men as those? It is enough to make one give up in despair."

"But they will fight, if it is necessary."

"Yes; it is their only redeeming quality. They are too thick-headed to appreciate the danger. But to my plan. I shall march out with forty men in the night, and get near

enough to Windsor to attack them early in the morning. We will take the fellows prisoners and send them to the nearest English post."

"Very good; how many men can the English muster?"

"Not over twenty, and those we will take by surprise."

"Captain Holmes is there."

"Yes. His brother is next in command, and Barlow next. I should not care to fight them if they are on their guard."

"I never heard of this brother of Holmes'."

"He has never been in Good Hope; I do not know that I have seen him. He is represented as a man under forty, active, vigilant and acute—a man formed by nature for a life in the woods."

"You describe such a man as I take this very Bainbridge to be."

"You are mistaken; I know the man well; he may have taken the attitude of a brave man because they were two to one; but, in reality, he is one of the most egregious cowards upon the face of the earth."

"This is pleasant news to come to a man's ears," muttered the peddler, lying *perdu* beneath the shelter of the eaves. "They say listeners never hear any good of themselves, and I am not inclined to doubt it; but go on—go on, the time will come to settle yet, and I will give you back that coward in your teeth. Phew! how the rain comes down."

"The Windsor people are not in a very strong stockade, and I think I may succeed. I shall march on the afternoon of to-morrow."

"Who will you leave here?"

"I don't know certainly. We shall not be long gone, and I think one of my blockheads may be trusted for a day. Come, taste this aqua vitæ, which was sent to me from Manhattan by my worthy friend, Wilhelem Kieft, and then to bed, to be ready for the morning. 'Tis a wild night."

They sat talking for some time over the liquor, and then went to their couches. Boston wrapped himself warmly in a wolf-skin robe which lay upon the porch, and lay down to rest; he slept two hours. When he arose, the storm was at its hight, and he could move about the house with perfect

impunity. Walking quickly to a window-lattice on the south, he gave a single tap upon it, and waited. The tap was answered from within, and the lattice was raised to allow Katrine to thrust out her head. She looked so provokingly sweet that Boston solaced himself with a kiss before a word was said.

"Impudence!" whispered the girl. "I shall close the lattice."

"No you won't, my dear. Where is Theresa?"

"Like your impudence to ask. She is in bed, and you ought to be in yours, instead of tramping about on such a night as this."

"We have no time to talk. Go in and wake Theresa, and tell her to open her lattice in half an hour, for one she wots of will come to her before that time."

"You are crazy, both of you. It is death for you to be near Good Hope to-night. Do you not know that Captain Van Zandt is here, and that he spares none who stand in his way?"

"Little care we," replied the other, snapping his fingers, "for Captain Joseph Van Zandt. We know more of his movements than you think, Katrine. But get you gone, and tell Theresa that Willie is here. When you have done that, come back to me."

"You speak sometimes like one born to command," said Katrine, looking at him fixedly. "If it should be so—if you *should* deceive me!"

"Katrine, you mistrust me. Have I ever given you cause?"

She was back in a moment, with one soft arm about his neck. "I trust you," was all she said.

"I *have* a secret from you, my darling," he said, returning her embrace. "But, take this to your heart—whatever your station, whatever mine, I love you entirely. Now, go."

She opened the door which led into the room of Theresa. She found her awake, with her head bowed upon a table. Katrine was not so much a servant as a dear friend to Theresa, and she passed her arm about her kindly, as she asked why she was sad.

"He is here," was the answer.

"Who?"

"Van Zandt."

"I know that; but why should you fear him? Your lover will never see you forced to be his wife. I will not. My lover will not."

"Alas, what can they do? Willie is far away."

"Not so far as you may imagine. I heard a tapping at my window just now. I opened it, and who do you suppose was there?"

"Hans Drinker," said Theresa, with a smile, for she knew that the worthy Dutchman persecuted poor Katrine to the verge of distraction.

"If I served you rightly," said Katrine, "I should go back to my room, and not tell you a single word."

"But you won't. Who was it? Carl Anselm?"

"Be careful! It was Bainbridge."

"I knew he was here. Did he say any thing about Willie?"

"He told me to bid you rise, and be at your lattice in half an hour, for Willie Barlow would then be there."

Theresa clasped her hands in fervent thanksgiving.

"You have brought glad tidings, dear Katrine," she said. "Sit with me until he comes. Ah, what is he doing in this frightful storm?"

"It is enough that he is here. You should have seen poor Boston. Wet—oh, so wet! Like one drowned cat."

The two sat with clasped hands until a tap came at the lattice. Theresa rose and opened it softly.

"Who is it?" she whispered.

"Willie," he replied. Hands and lips met. That hour could not be forgotten, in any after pain.

CHAPTER VI.

THE HUMAN COLLISION AND HORSE COLLAPSE

THE meeting between the lovers was long, and it was only the wise council of Boston which induced them at length to separate. He had moved away a little from the window, and was calling in a low tone upon Willie to make haste, when a chamber lattice was thrown rudely back, and a gun protruded. It was Captain Van Zandt who had heard voices.

"Come away," cried Boston, now careless. "You will spoil all. Obey me, Sir Lieutenant!"

"How dare he speak in that way?" thought Katrine.

Willie, imprinting a farewell kiss upon the willing lips of Theresa, bounded away. A stream of fire leaped from the muzzle of the musket of Van Zandt. A mocking laugh came back in response. Without a moment's hesitation, he leaped from the window, sword in hand, calling upon Van Curter, who was up and armed by this time, to follow. It is a maxim which all woodsmen should heed, not to follow an enemy *too* closely in the dark. But, an angry man is not apt to take maxims to heart. Van Zandt had recognized the voice of the peddler, and heard him call "Willie," and knew full well who were the intruders and their business.

Boston did not run far. Reaching the edge of a little thicket, he paused, and waited for the captain, who was only a few feet behind, hurrying forward at his best pace; when Boston, making a single forward step, dealt a blow with such fullness and force, that the furious soldier went down like an ox under the ax of the butcher. No one, looking at the light frame of the peddler, would have imagined for a moment that his muscles were developed to such an extent. No sooner was the blow struck, than he grasped Willie by the arm and hurried him forward at a quick pace, leaving Van Zandt prostrate upon the earth.

"Have you hurt him badly?" inquired Willie.

"Oh, no. I hit him behind the ear in the way you wot of. I did not care to use my weapons."

"You are right. What shall we do now? I am afraid you have betrayed yourself. You called out, 'obey me!' in a way that made me start."

"Katrine suspects too, the little darling. I have promised to tell her the secret. She shall know it when the house of Good Hope is ours."

"You have hope, then?"

"When I shall tell you what I have heard this night from the lips of Jacob Van Curter, you will understand why I have hope. But, we can not stay now. We must go to Windsor at once. We know the river, and our canoe is at hand."

"I am ready to go."

As they glided from the shore, Van Curter stumbled over the prostrate form of Joseph. This aroused the captain, and he staggered to his feet, making a weak attack upon his friend, who parried his blows with great ease

"You are mad. It's I, Van Curter."

Van Zandt came to his senses.

"I believe I am crazy," he said. "But what a blow. My head seems split asunder."

"What did he strike you with? Ho, there, Hans! Bring the torch hither. What did he strike you with?"

"It seemed like a clinched hand. And it can not be that a human hand should have such power. I would sooner be kicked by a horse than take such another blow."

"Do you know who struck you?"

"Not I; though when the blow came every sun, moon and star in a clear sky seemed to blaze close before my eyes. By my faith, I am dizzy yet."

"I should think you were. Lean upon me, and let us return to the house. Do you know who they were?"

"Surely. Who should it be but the worshipful Lieutenant Barlow, and his friend Bainbridge. I tell you again that he is something more than he shows upon the outside. S'death, man, he called out to the lieutenant like a master, I can tell you, and he came at his call."

"What was it all about?"

"I heard voices under my window, and listened. It was Theresa talking with Barlow. I threw open my window and called upon him to speak. But Bainbridge called to his

comrade to come away, and I missed him—it was very dark."

"By the bones of my father!" cried Van Curter. "Has it gone so far as that. Follow me."

He strode into the house, and knocked heavily at his daughter's door, ordering her to come forth. She did so, with her garments thrown loosely about her. She greeted the young man in a hesitating manner, which went to his heart.

"How is this?" said her father, harshly. "Who dares to come to Good Hope in the dead of night, to meet the daughter of a Van Curter? Where is your womanhood, girl? Can you think of this and not blush?"

Theresa had much of her father's untamable spirit, and answered quickly:

"It is no shame to meet one whom I love! And I take no fear in saying that I love Willie Barlow."

"Say you so? Am I bearded to my face by a child of mine? Look upon Joseph Van Zandt. You were promised to him long ago. He has waited long years until this hour. And now you—you, of all others, spit upon the contract of your father, and plight your faith to one of alien blood! While I live, it shall never be."

Theresa did not lower her eyes, but met the angry orbs of her father with a full glance.

"Speak no more of Joseph Van Zandt. Joseph, I am very sorry that you have set your heart upon a thing which can never be. I do not love you. But, if report says true, you would not have far to go to find one who would be true to you in wedlock. But *I* love you not as a wife should love, and I never can be yours."

Van Zandt looked at her a moment, the fierce anger in his heart blazing in his eyes. He had waited long years for Theresa—had seen her grow more beautiful, day by day, and now, the torture of hearing her say that she loved him not! He raised his clinched hand on high, and brought it down upon the table with a force which made the glasses ring again.

"God, in his mercy keep him out of my sight, or I shall kill him," he cried.

"Father!" she cried, "look upon the man you would have me marry. He is a murderer in his heart."

"So am I," her parent answered, moodily. "Girl, get you in. You shall wed Joseph, as I am your father."

"I would not have it so," said Joseph. "I marry no unwilling wife. But him—let him take care!"

"What would you do?" she half-screamed.

"Murder! You have described the feelings of my heart. If he cross not my path, well—he is safe. But, if I meet him, God do so to me, and more also, if both leave the ground alive!"

"He is mad," she said.

"You have made me so—you, with your accursed beauty. Blame that, and nothing more."

"Get you in, I say," cried Van Curter. "Do you still tarry to madden him the more? Get to bed! As for you, Joseph, go to your room and try to get a little sleep. Remember that in the morning we prepare for the march."

"You are right. Now she is gone, I am a man again. I tell you she maddens me. I did not mean to tell her that, when I spoke. Let him look to himself, the alien dog!"

"You will have the chance, Joseph, as we march against him, to do away with him forever. Come, be a man."

"I am. You have seen me fight, and know my power. I shall do good service if it comes to blows."

"Thanks. Go to your room and get a little sleep. You will need it. To-morrow we shall see Ten Eyck, and secure his horse for your service."

"Will he sell it?"

"I shall give him command while we are gone. That will make him ready to do any thing. Good-night."

Joseph went up to his room and sat at the open window. The rain drifted in his face, but he heeded it not. He could hear Van Curter tramping to and fro in his room, and the voices of Theresa and Katrine in low conversation below. Before morning, he dropped into an uneasy slumber, with his head upon the sill. He was waked by the sound of noisy preparation in the open space below the window. He sprung up at once, buckled his sword-belt about him, and went down. He met Theresa in the large room in which he had seen her the night before. Neither spoke a word; but the glance of mingled repulsion and fear upon the one side, and of deadly

threatening upon the other, was of greater expression than a volume. He passed her quickly, with his spurs ringing upon the hard floor, and went out into the open space, or parade of the House of Good Hope. He was greeted by a cheer from those of the men who recognized him, for Captain Van Zandt was known far and near as a brave and skillful leader. He called to his side a slender youth, who was cleaning a gun in the corner of the parade. He had a strange face, sharp features, with thin, cruel lips, receding forehead, and small, glittering, deep-set eyes. The youth laid down the gun when called by the captain, and followed him from the stockade to a retired spot outside the works.

"Carl Anselm," said the latter, stopping suddenly, and laying his hand impressively upon the shoulder of the young man, "do you owe me any thing?"

"A life!" said the boy, quickly.

"You have said often, Carl, that you would like to do me a service. I do not remind you of your indebtedness to me because I like to remind people of their obligations; but the time has come when I need your help."

"I have waited long," said the young man. "When I lay under the hand of the savage Mohawk, and you killed him, I swore to repay you for the life you gave me. You have made me happy. What would you have me do?"

"Do you know the road to the Nipmuck village of Wampset?"

"Yes; one of Wampset's men was here but a day or two ago."

"Is it far?"

"Twenty miles—so the brave said."

"It can be done, then. Take your arms and go to the village; find the chief, Wampset, give him this wampum belt, and tell him that the sender calls upon him to meet him at the three hills above Windsor, at midnight, with all the men he can muster. Do not fear for yourself; there is no Indian who owns the sway of the Nipmucks or the Mohawks who would lay a hand in anger upon the man who wears that belt. Put it on."

Carl encircled his waist with the wampum belt. "Shall I go now?" he asked.

"Yes, and make haste; you must have a horse. Ha, Paul Swedlepipe, come hither."

That individual, who was passing in a great hurry, came up at the call.

"Where is that Narragansett pony you bought from the Yankee?"

"In my stable."

"You must lend him to Carl. We are going on an expedition in which you are to have an important trust. Can he have the horse?"

"If you will be responsible for him, yes."

"Go with him, Carl," said the captain, turning away. "Do not stop a moment to talk. Kill any one who attempts to stay you. I know you are good and true. Good-by, and all luck to you."

In a few moments Carl Anselm, with the wampum belt girt about his waist, rode out of Good Hope. The captain stepped to the side of his horse for a parting word:

"Do you know William Barlow, the man who was in Good Hope last night?"

"I have met him and know him perfectly by sight."

"He is my enemy. Do you fear him?"

"I fear no man," replied the youth, drawing himself up proudly. "What would you have me do?"

"I tell you he is my enemy. Is not that enough for thee? Say, shall he die, if you meet? Will you give him a grave in the forest?"

"If knives are sharp or bullets dig deep—if water can drown or fire burn, when we meet he shall die."

"You are a friend indeed," cried Joseph, grasping his hand. "Go out upon your duty, with my thanks for your kindness. And remember, that in me you always have a friend."

They shook hands and parted, the young man riding swiftly forward upon his way, along the bank of the "Happy River," while Joseph went back to the camp. On the way, he met Van Curter, who asked him to go with him to secure the horse of Ten Eyck.

That worthy was reposing in front of his house, smoking a pipe in great enjoyment. He greeted the approach of the two dignitaries with a nod of recognition, thinking in his heart

how he would crow over Paul Swedlepipe, who could not boast of the honor of such a visit.

"Good-day, mynheer, good-day," said Van Curter. "We have agreed to go out against Windsor to-day, and, after considerable discussion, my friend the captain and myself have agreed upon a person to take command of Good Hope during our absence."

"Who is it?" asked Ten Eyck, watching the puff of smoke which ascended in spiral rings from his fair, long pipe.

"What would you say to Paul Swedlepipe?" asked the captain, with a touch of mischievous humor. "Would he be a good man for the place?"

"What! Paul Swedlepipe? Do you insult me? I would suggest that you go and get Hans Drinker's boy, Jacob, and give him command, before you take Paul Swedlepipe. To be sure, little Jacob is a fool; but what of that? Paul is a fool, too."

"Then you don't think Paul would do?"

"Nix, *no*, NO!" he cried using all the negatives at his command.

"Well, we concluded, after due discussion, not to take Paul. What do you say to Hans Drinker?"

"He is a bigger fool than Jacob!"

"Then *he* won't do; and, in fact, we didn't think of having him. The man we have in our mind is one Ten Eyck!"

"Ha!" said he, without moving a muscle of his face, "that is sensible! Oh, Saint Nicholas," he thought, "won't I crow over that Paul Swedlepipe after this!" Then he added aloud: "How many men do you leave with us?"

"Five. You won't need many, as our expedition must be kept secret. Mind that, and don't blab."

Ten Eyck nodded this head vigorously, and the captain came to the principal object of the visit. "You bought a horse yesterday?"

"Yaw," said he.

"What did you give for him?"

"One hundred and fifty guilders."

"Ah; the price is large. I want to see the horse. If he is good, I will give you a hundred and fifty."

"I sells him den. I puys him," he went on, now using

broken English, as it was more in sympathy with the subject, "vor fear Paul Swedlepipe get him. Coom over unt see him."

The two men followed to the place where the beast had spent the night. The reader will remember that a tremendous rain had fallen during the night. The horse had been shut up in a sort of corral of rails which, however, afforded little shelter.

To describe the puffed-up and vainglorious manner in which Ten Eyck approached the corral, would be in vain. He seemed to grow taller, and his head was thrown back to such a fearful extent that there seemed to be immediate danger of his falling over on his back. Those familiar with the ballad which some years since was the delight of the youngsters of this country and of Merry England, "Lord Bateman," will remember the engraving representing that individual. Mynheer Ten Eyck, approaching the corral, was his exact representative. Mentally, he was crowing over his enemy at every step. They entered the corral by a bar which was set in holes in two posts, set upright, about eight feet apart. Ten Eyck put up the bar, lest the spirited beast should attempt to escape.

Where was he? There, shivering in one corner of the corral, was a strange animal, without tail or teeth, for he had dropped them both in the night; a hide streaked here and there with marks of the coloring-substance which Boston had used in the metamorphosis; with drooping head and dejected looks generally. Ten Eyck took in all at a glance. Sold! fearfully and irrecoverably by the Yankee, aided and abetted by Paul Swedlepipe!

"Where is your horse?" asked the captain. "Not this, I hope!"

"You have been cheated again," cried Van Curter.

Ten Eyck glared from side to side for an object upon which to wreak his vengeance. In that unlucky moment Paul, who had heard in some way that Joseph intended to buy the horse, and had followed to see the fun, peeped over the rails. The woebegone face of his enemy met his eye. It was too much. He burst into a stentorian laugh. Ten Eyck turned, wrath blazing from his eyes, and rushed at his foe. Nothing loth, Paul tumbled into the inclosure and met him half-way. At

any other time, Ten Eyck would have known better than to peril his fame in open battle. But, the last drop had been put into the pot of his wrath, and it boiled over. They met, like Ajax and Hector, in the center of the list, and great deeds were achieved, whereof Good Hope rung for many a day. As we have said, Paul was short and choleric, and ready for a fray. The strokes of the combatants fell thick and fast. Ten Eyck had armed himself, in hot haste, with the fallen tail of the cause of the quarrel. Paul had caught up a more hurtful weapon, a short cudgel, which he had found outside the corral. At him, Paul! At him, Ten Eyck! Now Hector! Now Ajax! It was the Battle of the Giants. The horse-tail swept the air with a whistling sound and lighted with stinging force upon the face of Paul. The cudgel cracked upon the crown of Ten Eyck, and twice brought him to his knee. The two lookers-on would not interfere, for they knew the quarrel had been fomenting for many years, and they hoped this would decide it.

Holding their sides with laughter, the two soldiers watched while the unequal fight went on—unequal because the weapon of Ten Eyck, beyond maddening Paul to new exertions, did no harm. At last, a well-directed blow brought the tall man to the ground.

As Paul rushed forward, ready, like ancient warriors, to fight for the body of his conquered foe, the captain held him back:

"Enough of this. Away to your duty, Paul. Leave him to us."

Paul obeyed, and Ten Eyck rose from the ground, a dejected man—a sadly different one from him who had entered the corral. He was humbled in the dust. Not only had he been overreached by his hated foe in the bargain, but he was beaten in open battle. From this day, he dared not meet Paul Swedlepipe. The star of Ten Eyck had set forever!

They left the spot, as the captain did not desire to invest in horse-flesh of that kind. It was in vain that they attempted to console Ten Eyck. His self-respect was gone; he had been betrayed, beaten, sold!

"Cheer up, man, cheer up," said the captain, slapping him upon the shoulder. "Paul didn't do it. He never had the

head for it at all. It was all the work of that scoundrel, Boston Bainbridge."

"The lightning blast him!" roared Ten Eyck.

"If I catch that fellow," said Van Curter, "I will keep my promise to him. I will strap him up to a swaying limb and give him forty stripes save one."

"I imagine you will have to catch him first," answered the younger man, setting his teeth hard. "I have to thank him for his interference when I met Barlow in the forest, as well as for the blow which I think came from his hand last night. Barlow is not cool enough to knock a man down who has a sword in his hand. He would have used the steel."

"Hot blood, hot blood, like your own. How did you miss *him*, last night?"

"It was dark enough, the only light coming from a taper at the back of my room. No, I do not wonder that I missed him."

"Where did you send Carl Anselm?"

"I thought I told you. In my Indian-fighting I made the friendship of Wampset, a sachem of the Nipmucks. He gave me a wampum belt, and promised that, if I needed his help, and would send or bring that belt to him, he would come to my aid with all the men at his command."

"Ah, that is good; where shall we meet them?"

"At the three hills, near Windsor."

"It is a good place. You must be satisfied with one of my horses."

"It will do. Let us go in."

CHAPTER VII.

AN OLD FOX AND A YOUNG ONE.

CARL ANSELM rode swiftly up the fertile valley, making the most of the Narragansett pony. He kept well to the west, away from the post at Windsor, fearing that, if he met any of Holmes' men, they might ask awkward questions. The Nipmuck country proper was further north than Windsor; but one of their villages, not a stationary one, stood not far away. This was the village of Wampset, a sort of Indian bandit, who lived like the gipsys, pitching his wigwams where he chose. He had fully one hundred men in his village, the bravest and most restless spirits of his nation. The Pequods, the Romans of New England, knew and hated Wampset. Many a plan had been laid to surprise his village; but they had always failed. The party which came, if stronger than Wampset, found only warm ashes in the ruined lodges; but the Nipmucks had flown. Wampset claimed no particular hunting-ground, but roamed from the most western border of the Pequod country to the Connecticut, a river he never crossed.

The young German had heard of the whereabouts of Wampset, from a man of the Nipmuck nation who had come into Good Hope a few days before. As he approached the village, he took careful note of every thicket near which he passed. All at once, the woods seemed alive with signals, and stealthy footsteps could be heard. Carl knew he was hemmed in, and was not surprised when an Indian of commanding presence stood in the path and ordered him to pause. Carl had been skilled in Indian dialect.

"What would the white man here? He is far from the strong house of his people."

Carl took off the belt and held it up before the eyes of the man. He started a little, and then assumed a calm attitude:

"Let the warrior look upon the belt," said Carl. "Has he ever seen it?"

"He has. Where did the white man get it?"

"From one who sent me to seek the chief, Wampset, that I might speak a word in his ear."

The warrior turned and uttered a whoop. It was evidently an understood signal, for the sound of retiring footsteps could be heard, and they were alone. The warrior turned again to Carl:

"Wampset is always to be found by his friends, and by his enemies when he *chooses* to be found. Let the young man speak. Wampset is here."

"Where?"

The savage laid his hand upon his naked breast, in an impressive and graceful gesture. Carl could not doubt that he spoke the truth.

"There is a young war-chief upon the banks of the great river, to whom the chief gave this belt. Long ago, the Indians gave the land to his people. But the English people of Shawmut have come and built a strong house upon the river. The young war-chief is coming to drive them away, and he sent the belt to Wampset, that he may come to his aid with all his men."

The chief mused:

"I have seen the strong house of the people whom we call Yengees. They will not go away if they can help it. But, my word is given to my young brother, and I will go."

"He said that you must meet him at the three hills, near the stroug house, at midnight to-night."

"It is well. Let the young man come into the village."

Carl followed him into the village, which consisted of huts formed only for summer weather. In winter they had different habitations.

The chief led the way to his lodge, and invited his guest to sit upon a pile of skins in one corner. A squaw brought in two large wooden bowls, with spoons of the same material. One of the bowls contained boiled venison, and the other parched corn. Flat, wooden dishes of the same material as the rest, were placed in their hands, and the two made a hearty meal, for the young man was tired by his long ride. When the meal was over, they sat and conversed for an hour. Then the chief, thinking that the young man looked as though he

needed rest, left the lodge, and Carl lay down upon the skins and slept.

He rose in about an hour, and went out into the village. He found the warriors making preparations for a march. The chief joined him.

"Are not these cabins cold in winter?" asked Carl.

"The Indians do not dwell in such wigwams when the north wind blows cold," said the other. "There are pleasant places high up among the hills, where the Pequods can not find us, and where we can live until the sun is warm again."

"You do not stay in one place long."

"The knives of the Pequods are long, and their arrows sharp. They have no love for Wampset. They come upon his lodges in the night; but, Wampset is not a fool. He knows when to hide, and when to be found. The sparks are not out in the lodges when the Pequods come, but the men of Wampset are gone."

"Do you ever fight them?"

"When they are not too many. The braves of Wampset have often sent them howling back to their lodges. But when we are weak and they are strong, we hide in the bush. Sassacus, sachem of the Pequods, would give much wampum for the scalp of Wampset."

"Does Wampset love the white chiefs at Windsor?"

"Wampset can not love the men who tread upon the graves of his fathers. The Pequods are my enemies. By day and night they watch for the camp-fires of Wampset; but they are brave, and they are *Indians*. Is the white man owner of the soil? Did he receive it as an inheritance? No; it is the land of the Indian. Pequod or Narragansett, Mohawk or Nipmuck, it is *theirs!* No, Wampset does not love white men; but the young chief who saved my life in battle is my friend. I will aid him, if it is in my power."

"I must not stay," said Carl. "There is work before me. I will go out toward the fort, and you must follow with your braves. Give me a token by which I may pass your warriors in safety."

The chief unclasped a wampum bracelet from his brawny arm, and fastened it upon that of his young friend. "The

Nipmuck doesn't live," said he, "who would lay a finger upon the man who wears this. Go in peace."

Carl rose, took up his rifle and left the lodge. His horse was tied to a post near the door. He mounted and rode away toward the east. Wampest looked after him with a half-sigh, for he saw in him a type of the men before whom his nation was fading like dew in the sunshine.

Carl pursued his way until he struck the river a few miles from Windsor. There was something peculiar in the temper of this young man. He was relentless to his enemies—eager for their blood; but true as steel to his friends. In his code, nothing was too much to do for the man who had saved his life. To risk his own seemed to him a duty which he *must* perform. Young as he was, he was a fit tool for such work as Joseph Van Zandt assigned him. He had fled from the old country with the blood of a brother on his hands—shed in a moment of anger. Others had felt his steel, and the story had never been told. He thought it an easy way to pay his debt to Joseph, merely by taking the life of William Barlow.

Approaching the trading-post, he paused and considered. He felt quite certain that he might enter the place without fear, as there had been no open rupture between the commandants of the two posts. But he was naturally of a suspicious disposition, a feeling which is common to such natures as his.

He finally rode into the place and was kindly received. He gave them to understand that he had been out upon a scout at the command of Van Curter, and had been chased by a part of the band of Wampset. They knew that the young German was an active scout, and thought nothing of the story. Willie and Boston Bainbridge had not yet come in. After finding out all he cared to know, Carl rode away toward Good Hope, upon the trail usually pursued by travelers. Once out of sight of the village, he went aside from the path, took down his rifle and looked at the priming, and sat down beside the trail, with a look of grim determination upon his face.

The two Englishmen, after their hasty flight from Good

Hope, had pressed on as fast as their feet would carry them toward Windsor. Boston's knowledge of the proposed assault caused him many an inward chuckle. He gloried in the discomfiture of Van Zandt.

"I heard a fall," said Willie, "while they were pursuing us from the house. How was that, Bainbridge?"

"That," replied Bainbridge, with an indescribable twist of his features, "*was* caused by the fall of—something."

"A wise observation. What was it?"

"I would not be certain upon this point, worthy young man of war," said Boston. "I can not fight with carnal weapons. I am a man of peace, and live by trade."

"Don't keep up that farce here, I beg you. I have laughed in secret at the manner in which you have kept this character, until I am nearly past laughing again. But, what is the use of keeping it up here?"

"It must be done, Willie. Until Good Hope is ours, and the Dutch driven out of the valley, I am nothing but Boston Bainbridge. Do you think any of them suspect, except Katrine?"

"Yes. Once or twice you have given orders in your usual tone. Van Zandt heard you to-night, I am sure. Katrine and Theresa heard you. They are pretty sharp people, and hard to blind."

"Katrine is a darling," said Bainbridge. "I hate to deceive her. But it must all come right sometime. When she is my wife we can laugh together over the life of a hawker."

"I wonder what old Paul Swedlepipe and Ten Eyck are doing about this time. Won't the fellow tear when he sees that horse after the rain? Oh, I would give fifty pounds to see his face at the time. This rain will wash every grain of color off from his hide, and we should see a skeleton instead of the horse I sold him. Never mind; we have a right to spoil the Egyptians. Ha! The bush moves!"

The sudden exclamation caused Willie, who stood at his side, to start back in some alarm. The movement saved his life, for the rifle of Carl Anselm cracked at that moment, and the ball tore a bloody track through the fleshy part of his arm. In an instant the bushes parted to the rush of the body of Bainbridge. For a man of peace, he certainly

behaved in a wonderful manner. The movement was so sudden, that he was close to the side of the would-be assassin before he could turn. Carl was no coward. His courage had been proved in a hundred different ways. Drawing his knife, he made a sudden rush at the hawker, and struck at him viciously with the keen blade. Boston nimbly eluded the stroke and returned it by a slashing blow, which laid open the cheek of the other, marking him for life. As soon as he felt the wound, Carl turned and fled along the river shore, at his best speed, with the hawker following like a sleuth-hound on the trail. He passed round a point of rocks which completely hid him from view. Bainbridge rushed forward, in time to catch a glimpse of the German upon the back of his horse, which he had tied there for security. His jeering laugh came back to them on the wind.

"He has escaped," cried Boston, as Willie came up. "He got to his horse. The devil fly away with him!"

"Is he hurt?"

"Yes. I laid open his cheek from the ear to the chin. The scoundrel. He will carry my mark to the grave. That he may, is my fervent prayer. Do you know him?"

"I have never seen him before."

"I have. He is a minion of Van Zandt, or my name is not Bainbridge. It is young Carl Anselm. That bullet was meant for you. How could he miss, when he was not thirty feet away? The miserable scoundrel belongs in Good Hope They say his character is none of the best, even among his associates. Let me see your arm."

With some labor and pain, Willie stripped the jacket and shirt from the wound and showed it to Bainbridge. It was a deep flesh-wound, and Boston shook his head. Going down to the river bank, he gathered seme leaves from a plant which grew there. These he bruised into a poultice, with which he bound the wounded limb.

"I know the nature of the herb," he said. "An old Indian woman told me about it, and tried it on a bear-scratch I once got in a fight with that animal. It was wonderful in its effects."

"It feels comfortable," said Willie, placing the arm in a sling which the other improvised from a sword-belt. "I will

yet have the pleasure of wringing the man's neck who did me this favor."

"He is no enemy to despise," replied Boston. "When you have an open, avowed enemy, you know how to guard against him; but a sneaking fellow like this, who would shoot you from behind a bush, is more to be feared. He is full of energy, and will come upon you in impossible places. In the assault to-night, look out for *him!*"

"You think they will come, then?"

"They are not the men to be laggards. I can not understand what Carl was doing here. He certainly was not sent out on purpose to shoot you. I could give a reason if I knew where Wampset was."

"I know just where he is encamped."

"Where is he?"

"About twenty miles away. An Indian of the Narragansett tribe, who came into Windsor the day after you left, told us where he was. I know that man. He is an outcast from all tribes, and yet he maintains himself against any force they can bring against him. He must have a powerful mind."

"He has. I have seen him once or twice, and he is a noble Indian. With all his prejudices against the whites, he has none of the cold-blooded animosity of Sassacus, nor the supercilious behavior of Mennawan. But this news troubles me. I doubt not he will come to the aid of the Dutch, for I have heard it said that Van Zandt once did him a great service which the Indian will not hesitate to repay, and now is the Dutchman's time of want, if ever."

"Then we have, indeed, much to dread, if Wampset is brought against us."

"What Indians were at the post when you came away?"

"Only the young son of the Narragansett chief, the Fox."

"None better. He is truly named. Let us hasten. Do you think he will stay in Windsor?"

"He said he would until the full moon."

"Good. Make haste."

They hurried into the post. Catching sight of an idler near the gate, Boston called him, and asked him if the "Fox" was yet in the post. Being answered in the affirmative, he desired that he should be sent to him at once.

Willie turned away, and entered a log-house in one corner of the stockade, bestowing a smile of recognition upon a young Indian, who was coming out. The latter made his way at once to Boston, who greeted him kindly.

"How is the chief, your father?" he asked, touching the young man upon the naked shoulder with his open palm. "How long will it be before he will give the tribe into the hands of his son, who, though he is yet young, has left his mark upon the enemies of his nation?"

"The chief is very well, and sends his greetings to the white chief; his warriors hope it will be many years before he lays down the wampum of a head chief for another to take up. Who is worthy to take the mantle of Miantonomah?"

"None but his son, when Miantonomah is ready. The young chief has often said that he only waits to do the white man a service. Will he do it to-day?"

"When was the Fox unwilling to aid his white brothers?"

"It will take him into the forest."

"That is well; the forest is his home."

"He must keep his hatchet keen, for the Pequods may lurk along the track."

"A Narragansett does not fear a Pequod."

"It is well; now let the Fox listen."

In a few decided words, the Yankee informed the young man what he wished him to do. Having thoroughly mastered it and acquiesced in the service, he took his weapons, tightened his belt, and left the post, taking the trail which led to the camp of Wampset.

CHAPTER VIII.

"THERE'S MANY A SLIP 'TWIXT THE CUP AND THE LIP."

VAN CURTER and his men made good time in their march to Windsor, and at four o'clock in the afternoon they were encamped behind the three hills. Hardly had they settled themselves to wait for night, when Carl Anselm came in. His face

was disfigured by the knife-cut; the blood lay in thick clots about it, and his small eyes sparkled with vicious fire under his heavy brows. He made his way at once to the place where Van Zandt sat, under a large maple tree.

"Welcome, Carl," said the captain. "In the name of the saints, what is the matter with your face?"

"I have taken the mark in your service," replied the other, angrily. "Come away from the rest and I will tell you how."

The captain followed him to a retired spot, then called upon him to speak.

"I waited in the path for the coming of your enemy until I became weary and fell asleep; their voices woke me as they came, and I started up so quickly that the bush stirred. He was not alone."

"Ah-ha!"

"No; that cursed spy—for he is nothing better—Bainbridge, was with him. Sturm and wetter! I will have *his* heart's blood upon my own account."

"On with your tale, quick. You fired, did you not?"

"Yes. As the bush stirred, Bainbridge called out to his companion, and he jumped; if he had not done it, a ball would have been in his heart. My curse upon the meddler."

"Then he escaped?" demanded the other, hoarsely.

"Escaped. Not fully, for my ball struck him on the arm, and there was blood starting through his clothing. Before I could look, that devil, whom we call the peddler, was upon me with an open knife. I had mine in my hand, and made a blow at him. He is quick as a cat; he dodged the knife, and struck at me. You see the result. I lay that wound up against him. I shall do him mischief yet."

"What did you do then?"

"I saw that he was not what he seemed, and more than a match for me, I dropped the knife and ran for my horse, I had tied him in a ravine by the river-side. Curse the Yankee, he was like a greyhound; if there had been twenty rods more to run I should be a dead man; but I got to my horse and was off."

"It is a total failure, then?"

"Not so. Before, I worked only for you; now I work for both. I have an account with the man who calls himself Boston Bainbridge."

"You might have had before, if you had any eyes. You love Katrine, the cousin of Theresa."

The young man turned upon him with a quick look. "Who told you that?" he said.

"It matters not."

"Why do you bring her into the conversation?"

"Have you no eyes? Why, man, the other night, while Barlow stood at the window of my willful maid, whispering in her ear, whom think you stood at that of Katrine?"

"Who?"

"Boston Bainbridge."

"You know this to be true? It is not a trick to make me more surely your friend?"

"I saw it myself."

"Ah." Carl stopped, and with his knife-blade stabbed the earth at his feet. "Would that I had him here," he cried, "would that I knelt upon his breast as I kneel upon the earth. He is my enemy until death."

"You never knew this?"

"I knew that she was proud, and would not listen to me. I hoped for better things; I thought that a lover's persistency would bring about the desired end, and this is the re-result."

His countenance became as that of a fiend; in the heat of his passion the blood gushed anew from his wounded face. He caught some of it in his hand, and cast it from him, crying passionately:

"Let this blood witness against him." After that he was calmer.

"We will work together, my master; much may be done where there is a good heart in the cause. I am with you, body and soul."

"The compact is made. By knife, cord and bullet, I will be true to you in this business."

"So let it be," responded Carl.

"Have you seen Wampset?"

"Yes. Before nightfall he will be here with a hundred men."

"Well done. The English power shall be swept from this river; our enemies shall be—where?"

"It matters little so that they cumber the earth no more. It is time Wampset were here."

"You are sure he will keep his appointment?"

"The promise of an Indian is sure. He will keep his word."

"Did you look over the block-house and note the entrances?"

"Yes. There are eighteen men in all, now that this spy and Barlow are here; the whole is under the command of William Holmes; his second in command is his brother, who is away in Boston."

"His brother?"

"Yes."

"I never heard of such a man until I came here."

"Few have; he is seldom seen; people who live in this region know that there is such a man as Robert Holmes. He tramps the forest, makes treaties' with the Indians, and prepares the country for the next inroad of Yankees. No man can put his finger on him and say, 'This is Robert Holmes,' and yet, he is a fixed fact. The people in Windsor have great faith in him, but are non-committal about him."

"He is a mystery, then?"

"One which we can not unravel. Some of our people swear that Robert Holmes is only a name for a devil, who has taken up his abode at Windsor. I begin to think it is half right, for who but a devil could exert such an influence over Yankees?"

"Phew, such talk as that will do for other men than us; as for this imaginary potentate, if there is such a man, we probably shall meet him to-night, and try the virtue of cold steel upon him. I wonder Wampset is not here; he is not a man to shirk his appointment. Who comes there? Is this the way they keep guard?"

An Indian, gliding forward like a stealthy ghost, at that moment appeared before him. At the first look, Van Zandt knew him; it was one of the men who belonged to the band of Wampset—his messenger, a light, active fellow, with a cunning face.

The first salutation of the captain was sharp and to the point, "Where is Wampset? It is long since the chief was known to linger on the war-trail."

"Wampset has not lingered. But, he can not come to the aid of his young friend. The Hawk hovers with outspread wings above his tree-top. Shall not the Eagle guard his own nest first?"

"What mean you?"

"Sassacus has sent Mennewan upon the war-trail. A dog who had eaten bread in our lodges told the Pequods that the Eagle rested his tired wings upon the banks of the great river. The Pequods are very mad for the scalp of Wampset, and his band are known in every lodge in the nation. They are very brave."

"How do you know this?"

"The band had painted their faces for war and set forth. Near the river-side they met the Fox. He is the son of Miantonomah, sachem of the Narragansetts. The Fox is very cunning, and he loves Wampset. He has sworn to have the scalp of Sassacus. He told us that he had been in the Pequod lodges, and they were on the way. They did not know that he was with them. None are so cunning as the Fox."

"What did he do then?"

"What could he do? Should he leave his little ones a prey to the tomahawks of the Pequods?"

This was unanswerable, and Van Zandt could only mutter curses on the unlucky fate which had worked against him. If he had only known the truth, *fate* would not have had the curses on that day. But, curses would do no good. Wampset was by this time half way back to his camp, and the Fox, who had done his work well, was back in Windsor, reporting to his employer the success of the stratagem. As the reader has no doubt surmised by this time, the coming of the Pequods was a coinage of the brain of Boston, who hoped by this to send the Indians back to their camp. The ruse succeeded to a charm, and deprived the Dutch of their allies.

There was nothing for it but to take the place without help, and Carl, in company with Captain Van Zandt, set out to reconnoiter the position. It was now growing dark, and they advanced with caution. All about the stockade was still.

The silence, in fact, was so profound as to be suspicious. Van Zandt, a practiced Indian-fighter, had his suspicions of such quiescence. He advanced carefully. There was only one light in the stockade. That was a fire in the center, around which sat four or five of the garrison. They were all stalwart men, for Captain Holmes brought no others into the wilderness. The spy could see through the chinks that their arms lay beside them, and ready to take up at a moment's notice.

In the mean time, Carl had stolen round to the other side of the building, and looked through the chinks in the logs. The cabin in which the officers lived stood close at hand, and through another orifice in the logs, the young German could see the interior. There were three men in the cabin—Barlow, Captain Holmes and Boston. They sat upon stools, by the side of a wooden table, talking eagerly in low tones. From the place where he stood, it was impossible for Carl to hear a word. But, to his astonishment, he saw that Boston not only took an active part in the conversation, but his opinion was listened to with great deference. Carl's blood boiled in his veins. Since the last night, an intense hatred of the peddler had grown up in his heart. This was the man who had stolen the heart of Katrine. He should die.

He drew a pistol from his pocket, and leveled it through the chinks. The light of a candle upon the table glimmered along the barrel. He pulled the trigger. The hammer came down upon the flint without a report. The priming had been shaken out of the pan in coming from the camp. With a muttered invective Carl slipped behind the logs of the stockade and felt for his powder-flask. He had left it in the camp! The passion of the man was fearful to see. He ran back to find his captain, and lead him to the spot. The moment his eye rested upon the group he put a pistol into the hand of Carl. "Hold," he said, as that person was about to fire. "Don't do it. We must get nearer, and hear what they say." The stockade was about twelve feet high, but the corners were rough, and stood out about six inches from the rest of the work, forming a sort of ladder. Van Zandt took the lead, climbed over, and dropped down into the work, between the wall and the cabin.

The conversation continued; but, to the rage of the two spies, it was now carried on in whispers. It was impossible to hear a word. Twice carl raised his pistol, and as often he was restrained by the hand of his leader, who had no notion of betraying their presence by a shot, while they were inside the fort. He feared the men who sat by the fire.

"In God's name," whispered Carl, "are you going to let him escape? I must fire."

"Who do you speak of?"

"He. That devil, Bainbridge."

"I have not so much quarrel with him as with Barlow. Let us get out of this. I tell you you must not, *shall* not fire. Come."

Carl obeyed, sullenly enough. They climbed the wall without molestation, and reached the other side. All at once the captain was startled by the report of a pistol, and saw Carl looking through the crack, with the pistol still smoking in his hand. A terrible uproar was heard in the cabin.

"Run for it, captain," shouted Carl. "Missed him," he hissed, in his desperation.

They ran in silence until they reached the edge of the woods, when Van Zandt turned, and took his companion by the throat. The epithets he exhausted upon him were of the most fearful nature. Carl shook him off with an angry gesture.

"Take your hand from my throat, Captain Joseph. You ought to know, by this time, that the blood of the Anselms is hot, and can not brook an insult. Hands off, I said!"

"You infernal hound! Did I not order you not to fire?"

"I know it. If I had expected to die the next moment, I would have fired that pistol. I will have him yet. He is doomed. Either he or I."

"Little cares he for such as you are. Fool, do you not see the immense advantage this man has over you in every point. He is cool; your blood is like fire. He calculates every chance; you act upon the first thought which enters your crazy head. You have, doubtless, by this rash act, spoiled our chance of taking the stockade. If you have, I am not the man to shield you from the rage of Van Carter."

"Take your own course," replied Carl, angrily. "I care

not. You had better look to it, or you will cancel the bond between us."

This was what Van Zandt did not care to do, and he begun to conciliate the man. This led him back to the subject of Bainbridge.

"The unquiet beast stooped for a paper he had dropped just as I fired. What has happened to me? Is my aim gone? When was I ever known to miss such shots as these?"

They hurried back to camp, and put the men in order for the attack. When they approached a change had taken place in the aspect of affairs. The works were now brilliantly lighted. Pitch-pine torches blazed in every crevice; the bright barrels of guns glistened along the wall. Van Curter halted his men and came forward, demanding a parley.

"It shall be granted," cried a voice from within. "Wait."

"In a few moments the door of the stockade swung open, and two men came out. They were Captain Holmes and Barlow. Calling Van Zandt to his side, Van Curter advanced to meet them.

"You have seen me once before," said Holmes, "and know I have authority. What has the commandant to say to me."

"I am in the service of the Dutch republic. When you passed up the river, on your way to this place, I warned you to strike and stay. You refused, and kept on your course! I was not in a position then to enforce my commands. I had even made up my mind to tolerate you, as well as I might. But, since you have been here, the riot and disturbance caused by your men are beyond the power of my nature to endure longer."

"Of what do you complain?"

"Your are a cheating set."

"Ah!"

"You sell my men horses which are good for nothing."

"They ought to know better than to buy."

"But they don't. Your men make a very bad horse look beautiful. There is one vagabond among you whom I will give forty stripes save one, if he ever comes to Good Hope. I have sworn it."

"What is his name?"

"Boston Bainbridge."

"Ah, indeed! What has Boston been doing?"

"Every thing that is bad; nothing that is good. I will make him wish that he had never been born. He sold a horse to one of my council for a very high price, bought it back for five guilders, and sold it to another man for a hundred and fifty."

"And you intend to flog him?"

"Surely."

"I can't do better than to warn him to keep out of your way when I see him again Boston *is* a cheat in *one* way. But to business. You have run out of your course to talk of him. What are the men of Good Hope doing here?"

"You are on our land. We claim it as the right of our country, in the name of Hendrick Hudson, the man whom your country would not honor, and who came to us for his due. You must break up this trading-house, and take yourself again to your sloop, get out of the country, and keep out of it."

"You are modest in your demands, sir. I will say that for you. What if I refuse?"

"You see these men?"

"Yes."

"They have arms in their hands."

"I see the arms. They are very rusty. You don't use them much, I guess."

'If you refuse we shall take the place."

"Perhaps you mean you will *try* to take it.

"We will *take* it," said Van Zandt, speaking for the first time.

"If you can," replied Barlow, returning the Dutchman's look of hate and defiance.

"Be quiet, Willie," said the captain. "It can do no good. Now, sir, to your demand. I hold this post in the name and by the authority of my monarch, king of England. I care nothing for other powers. My force is not large; but, while I or any of my officers or men can lift an arm in its defense, no Dutchman shall enter the block-house, except as a friend. If he comes as an enemy we will give him English steel."

"You speak plainly."

"I speak as I feel. Twice to-day murder has been attempted by one of your men. We know him. His name is Carl Anselm, and he is a servant of Captain Van Zandt."

"Murder!"

"Nothing else. This morning he fired from a bush and missed my lieutenant here, or rather wounded him in the arm, though his intent was to kill."

"The other?"

"That occurred to-night. The captain and his servant came down together to reconnoiter. While the captain was on one side of the building, his servant snapped a pistol at one of my officers through a chink in the logs. Then they climbed over the wall at the corner."

"The devil!" cried Joseph.

"You see we were not altogether uninformed in regard to your movements, sir. You climbed over the wall and listened at the chink in the cabin. We whispered, and you could not hear what we said."

"*Are* there devils upon earth?" muttered Joseph, in utter astonishment.

"Your man still wanted to fire, and you restrained him. You climbed the wall first, and as your back was turned, Carl fired the pistol, and missed. Is the account correct?"

"Perfectly. And now tell me, if you will do so, how you know all this?"

"Certainly. You were watched all the time. And since Mynheer Van Curter has thought proper to speak of one of my men, and of the punishment he intends to give him, let me say that I have my eye on this Carl Anselm. If he falls into my hands he shall not taste a whipping-post, but he shall have a ride on a higher horse than any he has ever saddled. And he will find it a tough colt to ride. I shall hang him as sure as my name is Holmes."

"You refuse to surrender?"

"Utterly—and I advise you to clear out at once."

"The consequences must light upon your own head then."

"I am ready to abide them. My stockade is strong, and I have men enough to man it. If you try to take it you will

have to fight. It is useless to prolong this conference. Let me bid you good-night."

As they turned to leave, Barlow saw some men creeping up in the rear, led by Carl. He whispered to the captain. He turned quickly, when Van Curter laid hands upon him, and attempted to detain him. Willie found himself in the grasp of Joseph. With one effort of his prodigious strength, Holmes dashed Van Curter breathless to the ground, and turned to the aid of Willie. But, the young men, clinching, had fallen, and Joseph's head struck the earth with such force as to deprive him of his senses. Rising quickly, the two turned toward the stockade. There were seven men between them and the gate—unarmed, however, as they had intended to overpower the officers — not to harm them. Holmes measured the distance to the gate with his eye, threw forward his chest, bringing his fists up to his sides. The Dutchmen gathered in a body to seize them as they started to run for the gate. As the two men came near they increased their speed, and came down upon the little group with the might of giants; using their hands in a manner which astounded their would-be captors. Carl, who threw himself directly in Willie's path, got a "facer" from the one uninjured arm which sent him down as if struck by a bullet, with a broken nose. Right and left went the Dutchmen, the dull thud of the blows sounding ominously of defeat to them. At last the two men broke through the crowd and reached the stockade, breathing hard, but not in the least hurt.

"The scoundrels," said one of the garrison. "Say the word, captain, and we will go out and whip the entire lot."

"That word I won't say. I think too much of my men. What are they doing, Bailey?"

"Picking up the broken bones and taking them away. Oh, sir, if you could only have seen the blow the lieutenant gave the Dutchman who was here this morning!"

"I am glad he got a stroke at him. I will hang that fellow yet."

"Here comes Van Curter again, sir," said one of the men. "What shall I say to him?"

"Give him a shot. Be careful not to hit him; only give him a hint to keep out of way or he will get hurt."

The man obeyed. Van Curter, seeing the uselessness of further parley, formed his men in the woods and made ready for the attack. Holmes threw more wood on the fire, ordered his men to cheer, which they did with a will, and waited.

"Do you think they will try it," asked the captain of Barlow.

"I don't know," he replied. "We are ready for them in any case."

CHAPTER IX.

CUDGELS TO THE FRONT.

Van Curter did not intend to give up without a struggle. The attempt to take the officers prisoners was made at the instigation of Captain Van Zandt, who argued that they were to the garrison at Windsor what the head is to the body, and that the head once off the body is useless. How poorly they succeeded has been seen. Still at their posts within the fort, Holmes knew that they were gathering to attack him. He passed the word to the men to fight steadily.

Van Curter's men advanced from four sides, bearing ladders hastily constructed, with which to scale the walls. Even now Holmes did not like to use his rifles on them, and called on them to stay. They only answered by yells of defiance, and quickened their pace. Holmes reluctantly gave the order to fire.

The balls whistled about the ears of the Dutch. Several of them were wounded, but none killed. The injured were hurried to the rear, and the rest planted their ladders and begun the ascent. Holmes, who did not like to kill any of them, ordered his men to throw down the ladders as fast as they were placed. As there were generally two or three men on each ladder when they fell, bruises and broken ribs resulted.

"Cudgels to the front!" cried out a laughing voice at this juncture.

The men turned. Boston Bainbridge was just coming

out of the cabin, carrying an armful of stout oak cudgels, which he had been smoothing so as to fit the hand. These he distributed to the men, who received them with lusty cheers.

"Throw open the gate," cried Boston. "We shall show these knaves that we do not fear them. What do they mean by coming against us with empty hands. They will bring guns next time."

The gates were flung open with a will, and the eighteen men of the garrison found themselves opposed by about twenty-five Dutchmen, the rest having been placed *hors de combat* in various ways. But, they were not the men to yield tamely, and catching up clubs and stones, they met the sortié bravely. Foremost among the party from the stockade, Boston Bainbridge came—not the Boston who sold his wares in Good Hope, but an active forester, eager for a fray. Carl Anselm, with his bruised and distorted face, looking fiendlike under the glare of the fires, rushed at him with a knife in his hand. But he went down at once like an ox under the ax of the butcher. The Dutch tried in vain to stand up before the men of Windsor. They were driven from the field, and made their way back to camp, dragging their wounded with them.

Next day they went back to Good Hope. They wanted to be as far as possible from the long-armed men of Windsor. With curses both loud and deep, Van Curter led his men home, closed his gates, and sat down to think.

"Who is Boston Bainbridge?" he asked of Captain Van Zandt.

"The devil himself," replied that worthy.

"At least, he is something more than a peddler. Did you see him fight? Our men went down like grass before the mower. He has powerful arms."

"Poor Carl is disfigured for life. First, that blow he took from Barlow spread his nose all over his face, and now his head is broken. He will go mad if he does not get revenge."

"Where is he?"

"The surgeon has him."

"That was a bad failure."

"Bad! I should think so. But who, I ask you, would have thought it possible for two men to escape from such a net? I would have periled my soul on my power to hold Barlow; but my head struck a stone. That will be settled sometime. When we meet again with swords in our hands, one or the other must die. Where is Theresa?"

Van Curter pointed to the door of the next room. The young man rose, pushed open the door, and entered. Theresa sat at a table, engaged in some household duty. She looked up with an odd sort of smile as he entered.

"Have you no welcome for me, Theresa?" he asked, in a tone of passionate entreaty.

"Would it not be better, Joseph, for us to cease at once at *playing* friendship, when I, at least, have not a spark of respect for you in my heart?"

"When did I become so hateful to you?" he asked, in a low tone.

"I was afraid of you always; but the time from which I ceased to hold even respect toward you was when you struck your hand upon this table, and swore to kill Willie Barlow."

"You do not remember, Theresa, that those words were spoken in the heat of passion, aroused by your refusal of me. Would a man with any heart have said less? Listen to me, Theresa Van Curter, and mark my words well. You have it in your power to make for yourself and for me a glorious destiny. I have influence in the old world. There is nothing I can not claim in the way of honor and wealth. My love for you is so entire that you can shape me as you will. My nature only needs a guiding hand—a loving, tender, womanly hand like yours. Be my wife. We will turn our backs forever upon this new country and all its bad associations, and make a new life in our own fatherland."

Theresa mused. His appeal had been so impassioned, so full of heart, that it was not in her nature to hurt his feelings. He noted her indecision:

"You hesitate, my darling! I have not given you time enough. You want more. Take it. Weeks, months, a year! I can wait, only give me some hope, and promise that you will no longer listen to this plotting Englishman."

"Do not deceive yourself, Joseph," she said. "It is not in my power to do as you ask. Spare me any longer speech upon the subject. It is only just to me that you should cease."

"You are hasty; you should take time."

"This was decided some time since," she returned, quietly gathering up some things from the table, and placing them in a box at her side.

"It then remains for me to tell you what may result, if you push me too far. Remember, I can bear, and have borne much for your sake. There is only one way by which you can save yourself and him."

"You have no power over him," she answered, with a curl of her proud lip. "What may be the way in which we may be *saved?*"

"By being my wife."

"Death before such a redemption! Do you use threats to me?"

"Not at all. I never threaten. I act, as you and your minion shall find. I bid you good-night, Theresa Van Curter—as a lover, forever. In after times we may meet again, and you shall say that I am not a man to be despised. Give you good-night."

The door closed behind him, and Theresa was alone. Once rid of his presence, and the firmness which had sustained her through the interview gave way; she dropped her head upon the table, and gave way to a flood of tears.

The night came, dark and gloomy, and Theresa retired early. The men of Good Hope, tired by their fruitless expedition, sunk into repose. There was no rain, though the clouds covered the whole face of the sky. Theresa could not sleep; she rose, threw on a light wrapper, and sat at the latticed casement, the place where Willie had so often come.

A dark figure rose outside the window, and a scream rose to her lips, which was hushed by a low "hist" from the stranger. She threw open the casement with care. It was Willie.

"I have not time to exchange a word," he said, kissing her. "Whatever happens to-night, keep to your room. Warn Katrine, also; but be cautious."

With these words he was gone, and she sat in breathless expectation. An hour dragged by, when, all at once, there rose upon the still night air the shouts of men in combat. The Windsor men had turned the tables and attacked Good Hope!

Cheers and execrations mingled upon the sultry air. Dark forms flitted to and fro in the gloom. The Windsor men had followed close upon the trail of the men of Good Hope, and attacked them at the hour when the senses of all but the guards were locked in slumber. Indeed, some of the men yet lingered in the works before the assault came.

In a very short space the outer work was won, and the Dutch driven into the houses within the works. These they barricaded, and prepared to make a vigorous resistance.

At the first alarm, Van Zandt and Van Curter were upon their feet and seized their weapons. In the *melée* outside, they were separated in some way, and were driven into different houses. The one in which the captain took refuge was that of the commandant. Carl was with him.

There were three of these houses in the works, built of logs, notched and squared at the end. They were solid structures, capable of resisting a very strong force. About twenty in the garrison were fit for duty, of whom ten were in one house, under Van Curter, seven under Van Zandt, while, by a series of unlucky accidents, Paul Swedlepipe, Ten Eyck and Hans Drinker were by themselves. As neither of these worthies would be dictated to by the other, the house was divided against itself. All the rest of the men were either wounded or prisoners.

"You look a little out," said Hans, "unt see if dem Yankees out dar', Paul Swedlepipe." The Dutchmen, as if the occasion called for it, now talked in English.

"Vat you dink, Hans Drinker? You dells *me* vas I must do? No. *You* go look mit your own eyes, schoost like pung in a peer barrel."

"I pe de oldest; I commands dis house," said Ten Eyck.

"Don't you vant to puy a *horse?*" demanded Paul, in a threatening tone, by way of reminding his adversary of the battle they had fought in the horse-corral. Ten Eyck subsided instanter.

"I commands dish house," asserted Drinker, "by orders mit te commandant."

"You's a liar," said Ten Eyck.

"So he is," said Paul, "and you's a pigger liar."

At this moment a sound was heard like the ripping up of a bark roof. All three cast their eyes upward.

"Vat's dat?" asked Ten Eyck.

"You go and see," replied Paul.

"I'll see you in—Amsterdam first," answered the other, stoutly. "You go, Hans Drinker."

"I won't," said Hans. He lighted his pipe, and sat down to smoke. Paul and Ten Eyck followed his example.

The ripping of boards continued, and something could be heard dropping upon the floor above.

"Something cooms into dis 'ous'," quoth Hans, taking his pipe from his mouth to say it.

"Dink so myself," rejoined Paul.

"Yaw, den vas shall happen?"

"You go see."

"Nix—nay—*no!* You go, Ten Eyck."

"Nein!" thundered Ten Eyck, puffing away with great vigor at the long pipe. As he spoke, the doorway was darkened, and four of the detested Windsor men sprung into the room. They had mounted the roof, torn off the bark roofing, and dropped into the garret.

"Surrender!" cried the foremost, as he drew near. "No use of fighting. Who commands here?"

"Me!" burst simultaneously from three pair of lips.

"All of you, eh? A corporate body, this. Come, boys, let's bind these fellows fast and leave them."

With this benevolent intention he approached Hans Drinker. When he came near enough, it suddenly occurred to the Dutchman that it would be no more than his duty to fight a little. Accordingly, he unexpectedly let go his right fist, taking the Yankee under the ear. This prowess excited the others to feats of valor. Paul seized a stool upon which he had been seated, and hurled it at the head of his adversary. Ten Eyck grabbed the poker from the wide fireplace, and attacked his adversary with great zeal.

But fire soon burns out when the fuel is scant. Hans,

conceiving that he had done his duty to the State of Holland, submitted to be bound, after knocking down his man. This left four men to two. Paul was overpowered in a moment; but Ten Eyck retreated to a corner, from which he menaced all who dared approach with the poker. This at first excited laughter on the part of the men, but soon turned to anger at his pertinacity. He stood near the fire and thrust the poker into the hot coals when it was likely to become cool.

"This Dutchman is too hot," said one of the men. "Let us cool him."

A large tub of dirty water stood in one corner of the room. Two of the men brought this and placed it in front of the obdurate Hollander.

"Will you give up?" cried the leader.

"Nein!" replied Ten Eyck. "Never so long as I pe shoost as I am."

"Lift her, boys!" was the order. The two men raised the tub from the floor. "One—two—three—and away!"

The contents of the tub were discharged upon the person of Ten Eyck, cooling his ardor and poker at the same time. As he stood there, with the water running in streams from every angle upon his figure, the men threw themselves upon him, and tied him neck and heels.

"That job is done," said the leader. "Now, boys, follow me, but you, Seth Mather, had better stay with the prisoners."

One of the men sat down to keep guard, and the rest passed out into the open space within the works. The rest of the men stood there, waiting for the issue of the work upon the first house. The leader reported.

"You have done well," said Holmes. "Very well, indeed. Let us hail this house."

He approached the building in which Van Curter was, with the strongest party in the works. In answer to his hail, Van Curter himself came to the window.

"Who is there?" he cried.

"King George and Captain Holmes, of Windsor."

"To what am I to attribute the honor of this visit?"

"To my ardent desire to return your late courteous visit to my quarters. It's a reciprocation of favors. We Yankees never like to be in debt long for such things."

"Bah! you talk too much, like all Englishmen. Do you design to take this post?"

"I do. I have now more men than you. Counting the wounded, those taken prisoners at the first rush, and those in yonder house, half your force is out of the battle. You have just seventeen men."

"You are well informed."

"I always aim to be so. Do you surrender?"

"Give me an hour to consider?"

"I will give you five minutes."

"Your demands are hard. What are your terms?"

"You will find them easy. You shall have permission to march out under your own colors, with your arms and personal property. We want nothing but the House of Good Hope."

"We shall keep our colors?"

"Yes, even to the red color of your noses."

"And our side-arms?"

"Every thing that is Dutch."

"In short, all you demand is the surrender of the work itself?"

"Precisely; clear out—that is all."

"Then I will open the door; your terms are generous, and I believe are made in good faith."

"You must submit to be imprisoned in one of the houses until all your men are in my hands."

"I will attend to that," said Van Curter. "Place a guard upon my men here and come with me."

The doors were thrown open. The ten men were placed in a room by themselves and a guard placed over them. Holmes, Willie and Van Curter now proceeded toward the other house, and Van Curter called the name of Captain Van Zandt. He knew the voice and came to the window immediately.

"Is that you, Van Curter?" he asked.

"It is I; open."

"Are the English gone?"

"No."

"Then why are you here?"

"I have surrendered."

"Coward!"

"Be careful, sir! I repeat, I have surrendered the place. It was useless to resist. The terms are noble. We are to be allowed to march out with drums and colors, and make our way to the islands. Our private property is ours. In short, better terms were never given. Therefore open your doors and give yourselves up."

"I never drew a cowardly breath in my life, Van Curter. This house is my castle; I will keep it against all who come against it."

"I tell you I have surrendered," shouted Van Curter.

"And I tell *you* that *I* have *not!* And, what is more, I don't intend to. I have a strong house, and the best of your men, and the morning is at hand. I will give a good account of myself, and drive the ragamuffins of Captain Holmes back to their filthy quarters."

"You use modest terms," said Holmes.

"Ah-ha. You are there, Yankee? I give you good-night."

"You refuse to surrender?"

"Yes; refuse to the bitter end."

"Then we must make you do it."

"Do it if you can."

CHAPTER X.

A NIGHT IN BONDS.

HOLMES stepped back and took a survey of the building. His practiced eye at once took in its strong points. The doors were of hewn oak, crossed by heavy iron clamps. On the inside, so Van Curter told them, were heavy bars of seasoned wood, tough and elastic as so much steel, set into iron rings upon either side of the door. These bars were four in number, at equal distances from each other. No common power could force one of these doors from its fastening. These entrances were two in number, one at the front and

one at the back. The windows were seven in number; two in front, two on each side, and one at the back of the house, fastened, like the doors, by solid wooden bars. These particulars they gained from Van Curter, who was angry at the young captain for refusing to yield. He determined to try him once more, but found him very obstinate. He then demanded that his daughter should be permitted to leave the house. This was refused at once.

"Let me understand you, Joseph. Do you mean to tell me, seriously, that you intend to keep my daughter in the house during the attack which will be made upon it?"

"I do."

"Then by that act you at once cancel any trust between us."

"Let it be as you say. I will make a new bond between us."

"Will you let my daughter and her cousin go?"

"No, I will not."

"Why?"

"I keep them as a safeguard. They are the tools by which we will drive these Yankees away from Good Hope. You will understand it better when you know that there is to be no childs'-play here—no fighting with cudgels, as we fought at Windsor. But, with bullet, knife and sword we will make the house good. Every ball from a rifle which enters this house will put the life of your daughter in jeopardy. Katrine also will be in danger, which *is* a pity, since she is beloved by worshipful Boston Bainbridge. Where is that godly youth? He should be here to defend her."

At these words there was a slight commotion in the rear of the group, and a man strode forward and addressed the captain. It was Boston Bainbridge. But, what a change had taken place in him! His hair, before rugged and unkempt, was now allowed to fall loose upon his shoulders after the manner of the cavaliers. He was carefully and richly dressed; the belt which encircled his waist bore a long sword and a pair of pistols. His air was defiant, as seen in the gory light of the coming morning.

"You have called for Boston Bainbridge," said he, "and he who hath borne that name for years now stands before you

in his own person, Lieutenant Robert Holmes. What is this I hear? Does yonder knave dare to make women a target for his protection? How now, sir; do you claim to be a *man*, and yet need a woman for a safeguard?"

"So Boston Bainbridge is dead, and one has arisen who is of my degree, and we may cross swords with honor. What care I for what man can say of me? I know my power. The fair Theresa is in my hands; Katrine is in those of Carl Anselm. Believe me when I say that they might better be in the hands of the devil. Draw off your men and leave the place, or we will do that which will make you and them wish they had never been born. Away, I say."

The fearful threat implied in the words of Van Zandt startled his listeners; there was a quick glance from man to man, to see if every face looked as ghastly as each felt his own to be. The girls were in the power of this villain indeed. How could they be succored?

"Joseph," said the commandant, in a pleading tone. "Remember that we have been friends for many years, and that I have ever listened kindly to your suit. You are jesting now. You would not harm my child. Throw open your doors and let us enter."

"I will not. We will fight while a hope remains, and when that hope is gone, you shall have your daughter, as she will be then, not as she is now!"

"God's curse upon you, villain. Do you not heed a father's agony?"

"Not a whit. You have given up the work like a coward, and I no longer respect you."

"This shall be answered at the sword's point," cried Van Curter, striking his hand upon his sword-hilt until it rung loudly in the scabbard.

"As you will. I fight no old man without teeth unless he forces it upon me. Your young friends there might take it off your hands."

"And they shall!" cried Robert Holmes, Boston Bainbridge no more. "Or my right hand has forgot its cunning. Hark you, sir; *dare* you come out and fight me?"

"I hope I am not such a fool. What surety have I that I should ever see the inside of this house again?"

"My word."

"Bah! The word of Boston Bainbridge!"

"Boston Bainbridge is dead. I stand here in his place, a man of honor and of family, and dare you to the fight."

"It will not do," replied the other. "I have the advantage now, and relinquish it I will not. Go your ways, Lieutenant Boston Bainbridge Holmes, spy and cheat that you are, and let us go ours. It will be better."

The friends drew off and consulted for some time. There seemed no feasible way of getting into the house, with the fearful menace of Van Zandt before their eyes. It was fully concluded to appear to draw off from the house, and by underhand means to gain an entrance. This was communicated to the defenders of the house, and every one appeared to leave the spot. Leaving the window to the care of one of his men, the Dutch captain turned aside into the little room in which the girls were confined. They sat upon the bed, with their arms entwined about each other, weeping, for every word of the conversation without had come to their ears.

"Go into the next room, Katrine," said Joseph, "and do me the favor to keep your ear from the crack. I wish to talk with Theresa."

"I shall stay here," replied Katrine.

"Fool!" was the uncomplimentary rejoinder. "Must I send for Carl Anselm to drag you out by force?"

"No, no!" pleaded the girl. "Any one but Carl."

"I should please you if I sent for Bainbridge, only that worthy is dead."

"Was it true," said Katrine, turning her tearful eyes upon him. "Is he indeed dead? Tell me when and by whose hand. I heard you say that he was dead. Until then, I thought it was *his* voice."

"He died by his own hand," was the pitiless reply. "Boston Bainbridge is no more. The man whose voice you heard was Lieutenant Robert Holmes. Leave the room."

Katrine obeyed, passing into the next apartment and closing the door. She took the precaution to bolt the door upon the inside, so that Carl, who had uttered fearful threats since she had been a prisoner, could not enter. He came soon and rattled at the door, but she would not let him in.

In the next room Joseph and Theresa stood face to face. There was a settled gloom upon the face of the man. His fate was following him so close that it appalled him. He began to doubt if, after all, he should succeed in his undertaking. He grew desperate, as he looked at the girl, who was wonderfully calm in his presence.

"Why do you come?" she asked.

"I come to speak for your good, Theresa. I have told you many times that love for you had taken a deep root in my heart. Do what you can, be cold or disdainful, the feeling is the same. You have made me a desperate man. I have you utterly in my power, you and Katrine. One thing only will open yonder doors, and set you free."

"And that thing—"

"Is to take a solemn oath upon this holy sign (making the cross on his breast) "that you will never marry another while I live, and that you will be my wife when I ask it."

"If you had studied all your life to devise a cruel sentence, your study could not have brought to life a more wicked one than this. No, Joseph Van Zandt, you have had my answer. I have nerved myself to meet death, if it must be, sooner than be your wife."

"You must swear it upon the cross," he rejoined, "lest a worse fate come to you. Reflect, and tell me if there is not at least one thing worse than death. Reflect, too, that this fate shall be yours, and that of the sniveling fool in the next room, if you refuse. The threat of what I would do has driven your brave friend away from the house. I have sworn to do it, and I will keep my word."

"God will protect me."

"I am an unbeliever. Your faith can not shake me. Perhaps He will protect you. Perhaps He will batter down these strong gates, and let your friend in. It is very probable! Foolish girl! yield while the way is clear."

"No, I will not. My friends will attack the house and set me free. You shall feel what it is to arouse the vengeance of a true man. Go; you are a coward. The heart of a dog beats in your breast. You threaten a woman, and make her love for her friends work against her for your own foul ends. You never had one true feeling in your heart. What you

call love for me is only a passion, which would burn itself out in a twelve-month. Leave me, and do your worst."

He rushed from the room, closing the door violently behind him. Carl stood with his face against the wall of the room, gnawing his nether lip with such energy that the blood started from beneath his white teeth. The two men saw in each other's faces the mirror wherein to read their own hearts.

"I hear strange sounds," said Carl; "and blood seems to run before my eyes. If she were to open that door now, I should kill her. I am getting mad, I think. Was I not right about that devil upon earth? I will kill him yet, for he is the cause of all this."

"You were right enough. He is a brave fellow, in his gay clothes."

"To see him now, with his hair curled and his sword at his thigh! To hear the grand tone in which he speaks! Will he take her, now that she is in a more lowly station than he? It would be much to hope that he would slight her now. Oh, that he would?"

"But he will not. These Puritans have queer ideas of honor, and would think it a shame to their manhood to break faith plighted to a woman. I have given your little fool a bitter pill to swallow. I told her he was dead. She heard enough of our conversation to hear us say that, and she believes it. Do these rascals show any signs of a desire to attack us?"

"I have lost sight of some of them, and can not tell where they are gone. The rest sit out yonder by the other houses, eating breakfast."

"Whom do you miss?"

"Robert Holmes is gone, and so is your friend Barlow. What if they *should* set the girls free."

"The windows are bolted."

"I know it, on the inside. What is to hinder the girls from opening them?"

"They are spiked down. I tell you they have not the strength to open one, even if they could get a signal from the outside. Did you see those fellows go away?"

"They slipped out of sight, and I think went out of the gate. After that, I came to this door and tried to get in."

"And failed."

"Yes; it is bolted."

"I didn't think Katrine would do it. I begin to respect her. What is that, Jan?"

The man who was at the window spoke:

"The truce is over, sir."

"Are they coming?"

"Yes, captain."

"Get your guns ready, then. Where is your rifle, Carl?"

"Here, sir."

"Mark that Barlow."

"I can not. My bullet has another work to do. When Robert Holmes is dead it is at your service."

"Say you so. Well, I do not care. I have no love for him. These rascals come on slowly. They are well versed in woodcraft. Something different from the way our blockheads came up to the stockade at Windsor. Fire whenever you get a chance, boys."

The men of Windsor came forward with care, sheltering themselves as well as they could behind the buildings in the works. As they came to the last one, they paused and begun a close fire upon the house. Every head which showed itself at a loop-hole became the mark of a bullet. One of Van Zandt's men was shot through the head before they had been in action five minutes. The defenders saw that it was no boys'-play now, and hesitated about approaching the windows. The captain ordered them all to lie down, knowing that their fire could do no harm unless the men exposed themselves. He took his place at one of the loops to watch, taking care not to give any of the marksmen a shot. But a lively fire was kept up, and he dared not go away."

"Watch that side, Carl," he said, pointing to the other loop. "If they get under the walls we shall have trouble."

The moment Joseph left the room Theresa was upon her feet, and the strong bar dropped into its place before the door. Then, looking into the other room, she called to Katrine.

"Rouse up, dear," she said. "Do not lie down like a child. You have bolted your door—good. When these dear creatures in the next room come for us we may not be

here. Bring me that stool. We will give them the slip yet. See if we do not."

"Oh, Theresa," said Katrine, rising, "*he* is dead!"

"Don't you believe it. That fellow can lie, and you know it. Hold this stool steady so that I shall not fall."

Katrine obeyed, and Theresa mounted the stool, and took down a stout saber which hung from a pair of branching antlers over her head. She lifted the stout weapon, and looked at it with beaming eyes.

"My grandfather's sword," she said. "It has struck good blows for the honor of his nation. May it do as much for the honor of his granddaughter."

Assisted by Katrine, Theresa mounted the wide window-sill, and strove to pry up the spikes which had been driven in to close the lattice. But they were strong and resisted her best efforts. Seeing the uselessness of this attempt, she begun to cut away the inner fastenings of the lattice bars, and with the aid of the now active Katrine, at length succeeded with but little noise, in detaching the ends of these bars. The way of escape was then gained, since it was hardly five feet from the ground.

"We are safe," whispered Theresa. "Let us thank God."

The two fell upon their knees for a moment, before they attempted an escape. The shots had begun to fall about the building. Katrine passed out first, and Theresa followed, still bearing her grandfather's sword.

CHAPTER XI.

IT IS FINISHED.

PASSING around the house to escape from the rear, the two girls suddenly came upon two men, whom, in the darkness, they conceived to be Van Zandt and Carl.

Theresa, in the excitement of the moment, lifted her sword in her hand and pointed it at the breast of the nearest, who rushed toward her.

"Stand back," she cried; "I will not be taken alive."

"Theresa!"

"Willie!"

The strength which had sustained her until this moment gave way, and she sunk into the arms of her lover.

"Let us away," said Willie. "Come, Robert, you are slow."

Robert Holmes dropped the bar with which he had been prying open the window, and came forward, saying:

"Our work is taken out of our hands. Katrine, have you no greeting for me, now that I am no longer Boston Bainbridge, but Robert Holmes?"

His voice broke the spell; she was in his arms in a moment, sobbing. "They told me you were dead. I thought I knew your voice."

"Let us get out of this, Robert," said Willie. "You had better carry Katrine. How much they must have endured."

"Preserve the sword, Willie," whispered Theresa, "it has saved me."

Keeping in the rear of the house, they stole out of the postern gate through which they had entered, and soon placed the girls in safety in the house which was first taken. This done, the young men went back to their duty. Van Curter was there.

"Have you succeeded?" he cried, taking his cue from their happy faces.

"Yes, thank God, the girls are out of that villain's power, and we have nothing to restrain us from an attack upon the house. Give me that white scarf, and I will speak to them."

"Be careful, Robert," said his brother; "they are desperate men, and may not respect the flag."

"Robert took a ramrod, and fastened the white scarf upon it. Ordering his men to cease firing, the young man passed into the parade and called to Van Zandt.

"Why are you here again?" he demanded, angrily.

"To ask you to yield. Why should we shed blood, when nothing can be gained? Open your doors and let us enter."

"You ask in vain," was the stern answer; "you want the girls, I suppose; but you shall never see the face of Katrine, and Theresa has bid good-by forever to your friend Barlow. So away with you if you would save *them* trouble."

"If you could look into the room where you placed the girls, you would see a broken casement and an empty cage. The girls are safe in our hands."

"A Yankee horse-trader's lie."

"Go and see."

Van Zandt rushed away and tried the door of Theresa's room; it was fast bolted. He soon dashed a hole in it with the butt of his heavy rifle, and saw the empty cage of which the other had spoken: the nest was warm, but the birds had flown.

He went back and whispered to Carl; their conference over, Van Zandt went again to the window.

"What terms can we make?"

"The terms shall be the same as those given to Van Curter."

"To all?"

"To every one."

"I ask no more," said the Dutch captain. "Go down and open the door, Jan."

The doors opened and they passed out, Joseph and Carl looking back with strange meaning on the shattered window from which the girls had escaped. The countenance of the young German, Anselm, pale with contending passions, looked absolutely hideous under the glare of the rising sun. He had been foiled at every point; the revenge he had hoped for was torn from his grasp.

"Bear up, Carl," whispered the young captain; "do not let these villains see how you are moved."

He controlled his feelings by an effort of his powerful will. "It shall be as you say," he replied in a hushed tone. "They shall be aroused only by the blow I shall strike them. Do your best, so that we shall pass another night in this place."

"I will set about it," answered the young captain. "I can read your thoughts."

"That is well; then I need not speak. Where are the girls."

"In one of the houses, as I think."

"Do you see that accursed Holmes? He is going to her, now that he has triumphed over me. Would it not be a pleasant thing to plunge a knife into his heart? If he gives me time, I shall do it."

The two separated, and set about their preparations for departure. It was found impossible for the former occupants to leave that day, so they were assigned places outside the fort in the cabins they had built.

Robert slept in the fort, in the room next to that in which the maidens were, and from which they had escaped. This man was always on his guard. He never lay down unarmed. His slumber was light, and only needed the slightest sound to break it. At midnight, he was wakened by a sound as if some fastening was broken. He raised himself upon his elbow and listened. The sound was continued. It evidently proceeded from the girls' room. He rose with care, and, stepping softly into their apartment, discovered a dark figure—that of a man—with something gleaming between his closed teeth, climbing into the window. Robert's plan was formed in a moment.

The figure was that of Carl. By slow approaches he advanced his body, until he stood upon the floor of the chamber. He now took the knife, which he had held in his teeth, from his mouth, and approached the bedside.

The girls slept soundly. The perils of the night had wearied them entirely, and they gave themselves wholly to slumber. The murderer, for he had no less a thought in his heart, bent over them. The clear moonlight—for the storm of the night before had been succeeded by a remarkably bright evening—stole through the broken lattice, and fell upon the upturned faces of the two. In his mad desire to be revenged upon Robert and Willie, Carl could think of nothing which could wound them deeper than the death of these pure beings. "They shall die," he muttered, "and I will never again look a white man in the face." The heart of a demon would have been touched by the beauty of those over whom he lifted his steel; but the heart of Carl was harder than adamant. The knife was lifted when a pistol cracked. The murderer, wounded unto death, dropped the knife and staggered to the window.

"You have triumphed, devil that you are—you have triumphed. I have nothing left but to die. I curse you with my latest breath," he said, recognizing the man who had shot him.

As he spoke his hold upon the window-sill relaxed, and he

fell backward upon the floor. The strong limbs stiffened, and the moon's rays fell upon the face of the dead.

Robert quieted the frightened girls, and calling in help, removed the body. He had, in some way, eluded the guard, and made an entrance into the works, an unlucky thing for him.

The garrison was permitted, the next morning, to march away, according to the terms of surrender, with the understanding that by that surrender they conceded all claims to the occupancy of the Connecticut Valley.

But, all the captives did not retire. The captives Theresa and Katrine very wisely preferred to remain at Good Hope, which fortress Robert Holmes had resolved to retain against a future need. But, as preliminary to such occupancy, the minister was put into requisition, and a double marriage was consummated that morning at which Colonel Van Curter was present. Though much against his will, he gave the hand of his child away, bestowing upon her his benediction in good old Dutch fashion: "If thee will marry an Englishman, he is the man I shall be content to see thee wed; so God bless you." And, the ceremony over, he passed away, heavy-hearted enough—having lost both fortress and daughter in the unlucky Good Hope. He soon forgot his sorrows by sailing away to Holland.

Paul Swedlepipe lived to a good old age, ever retaining an unconquerable aversion to Ten Eyck. To escape persecution, this last-named worthy removed further up the Hudson river, where he became rich and powerful, cursing the Yankees with his last breath. Wampset kept his band together until his death, when it was broken up and merged into the Nipmuck tribe. For years the Dutch settlers missed Boston Bainbridge, and could hardly bring themselves to believe that the gallant soldier, of whose fame they heard so much, was the same man who had supplied them with small goods and poor horses; nor could they ever understand that his disguise had been assumed in order to break forever the power of the Dutch in Connecticut Valley, by gaining information of their designs in their own houses.

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